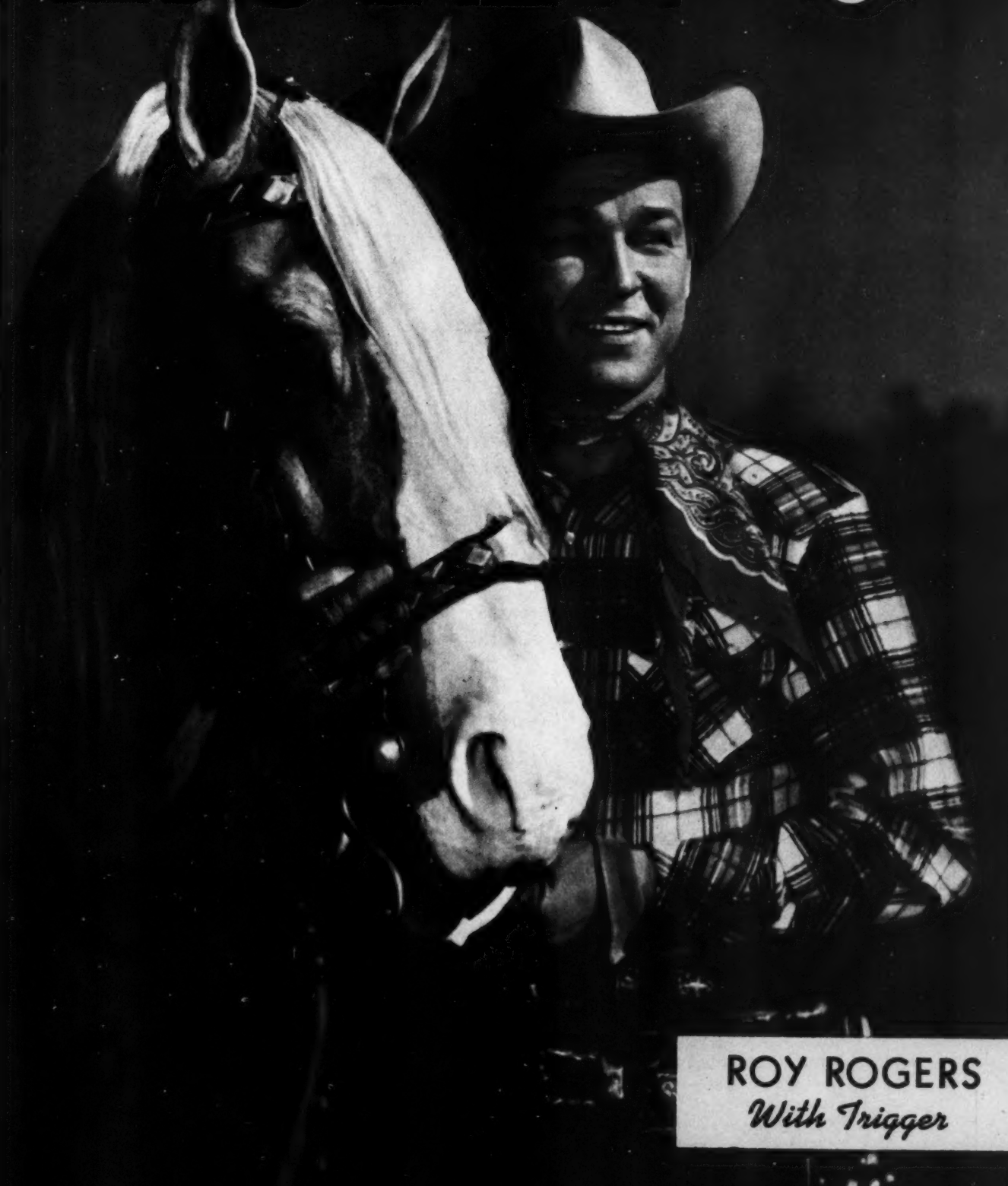


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



ROY ROGERS
With Trigger

Do You Know?



★ By some amazing political deal, Schenley's distillers purchased from the Government an industrial alcohol plant in Kansas City valued at \$2,500,000 for the sum of \$701,000. These American distillers promptly showed their gratitude by charging the Government from 90 cents to \$1.25 a gallon for industrial alcohol. The catch: The Government can buy French industrial alcohol at 48½ cents a gallon.

★ A public-opinion poll was recently completed by the Parkersburg, West Virginia, *News*, in which 6,031 of its readers expressed themselves on what they considered desirable in liquor laws for the state. Results of this poll show remarkable strength in favor of prohibition. Of this number, 3,866 favored absolute prohibition in the state, 2,121 favored legalized sale of liquor by the drink,—the saloon system,—and only forty-four favored the present state-control law. A large vote for prohibition and the low token vote for state control indicates the growing strength of prohibition sentiment. The small vote for present control may be accounted for partially by the fact that West Virginia has left liquor control in politics.

★ In spite of all the liquor industry's claims for liquor as a source of revenue, only 5.5 per cent of the Federal Government income came from liquor taxes. 73.2 per cent came from income and profits taxes; 6.1 per cent from employment taxes, and 3.3 per cent from tobacco taxes. The consumers of liquor pay out about \$4 retail for each \$1 returned in revenue to state, local, and national governments.

★ In 1950 more than 360 billion cigarettes were sold by American manufacturers, eight billion more than they sold in 1949. These eighteen billion packs of cigarettes, which cost consumers more than \$3,500,000,000, if laid end to end would girdle the earth 680 times. Production is said to have been 410 billion for the year ending June 30, 1951, an average of some eight to ten smokes a day for every person in the country.

★ Harry J. Anslinger recently warned that there has been a disturbing offer by Chinese Reds to sell five hundred tons of opium in the world market. This amount is enough to supply the legitimate medical needs of the entire world for one year. He also reported a new racket in which draft-eligible youth are claiming drug addiction in order to escape induction.

★ Idaho's liquor and narcotic educational director, after an examination of a questionnaire circulated among high-school students throughout that state, estimated that more than five hundred potential alcoholics are enrolled in Idaho high schools. He said the questionnaire indicated that hundreds of Idaho high-school children drink.

★ Canada's total drink bill for the ten-year period 1941 to 1950 inclusive was \$4,586,273,000, which is almost a half billion more than *half the amount* that the United States spends in the purchase of alcoholic beverages in one year.

★ Approximately 2 per cent of the high-school students of New York City are drug addicts. The New York State inquiry into juvenile drug addiction gives a conservative estimate of 6,000 juvenile addicts (mostly heroin and cocaine) for New York City, not including marijuana smokers.

LIQUOR STATISTICS

① The United States spent \$8,716,000,000 on alcoholic beverages in 1950, some \$210,000,000 above the 1949 figure.

② The people of the United States are now consuming approximately twenty gallons of alcoholic beverages annually for every man, woman, and child.

③ Of every 100,000 persons residing in the United States, 3,930 are alcoholics, according to the estimate of Dr. Elvin M. Jellinek, dean of the Institute of Alcohol Studies at Texas Christian University.

④ Arrests for drunkenness in the United States have increased from 831.1 per 100,000 population in 1932 to 2,342.7 per 100,000 in 1949, according to FBI figures, based on official records for 1,652 American cities representing 49,618,122 of our population.

⑤ Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the beer capital, reports a 140 per cent increase in arrests for drunkenness from 1940 to 1948.

⑥ Drunkenness is costing the residents of Milwaukee County, Wisconsin, more than \$12,000,000 a year.

⑦ The revenues received from alcoholic beverages in Massachusetts in 1948 accounted for only 12.22 per cent of the social and industrial loss resulting from the use of intoxicants.

⑧ During the first four months of 1951, California highway patrol officers arrested 2,454 persons for drunk driving, an increase of 488, or 19.8 per cent, over the number of citations issued for drunk-driving in the same period of 1950.

⑨ An estimated 54,000 alcoholics are annually committed to state, county, and private hospitals for mental diseases.

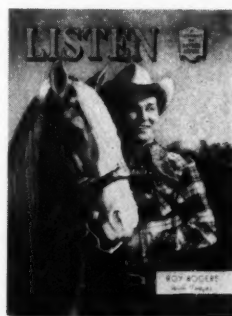
⑩ Nevada has the highest proportion of alcoholics—8,000 per 100,000; and California has 6,100 alcoholics for every 100,000 citizens.

⑪ The nation's liquor stores report a 14 per cent gain in retail sales in the first four months of 1951 over the same period of 1950. Eating and drinking places over the country reported a 7 per cent rise in sales for the first four months of 1951 over a like period of 1949. Drinking establishment sales were up 5 per cent above those of a year earlier.

LISTEN

A JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

JANUARY-MARCH, 1952
Volume 5, Number 1



OUR COVER

In this beautiful cover photo of *Roy Rogers*, Hollywood's King of the Cowboys, and *Trigger*, said to be the smartest horse in the movies, *Listen* is happy to feature a Hollywood star who adheres to the wholesome clean principles of better living. We wish to acknowledge herewith our appreciation to Mr. Rogers for making this picture, from his personal collection, available for *Listen's* cover.

LISTEN—quarterly journal of better living, published in the interests of scientific education for the prevention of alcoholism and narcotic addiction.

Copyright, 1951, by
The American Temperance Society

W. A. Scharffenberg, Executive Secretary

Entered as second-class matter July 16, 1948, at the post office at Mountain View, California, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, and authorized September 18, 1918.

Yearly subscription, \$1.00. Single copy, \$.25.

● ARTICLES

- The Happy, Wholesome Life . . . Hollywood's Roy Rogers . . . 5
The Acute Alcoholic Syndromes . . . Clarence W. Olsen, M.D., F.A.C.P. . . . 8
Thirteen Years in Hell . . . William F. Cochrane . . . 12
Mrs. Worldly and Mrs. Fine . . . Edith Alderman Deen . . . 13
Science and Alcohol . . . Haven Emerson, M.D. . . . 14
Music From a Broken Heart . . . Don E. Hall . . . 17
Anchorage, Alaska, Hangover Town . . . Helen Carpenter Gillette . . . 20
More Deadly Than War . . . Judge Roger Alton Pfaff . . . 24
Alcohol + Autos = Accidents . . . Elton A. Jones . . . 25
Trial by Firewater . . . Beatrice Wrath . . . 27
Booze Is Wooing the Muse . . . Harry G. Green . . . 31

● SPECIAL FEATURES

- Roy Rogers Photos . . . 6
Narcotics Blockade . . . Picture Story . . . 9-11
As Viewed From the Bench—Part III . . . J. A. Buckwalter . . . 15
Midwest Basketball Symposium . . . Robert Roach . . . 22

● PERSONALITIES

- Mildred Burke—Ladies' World Champion Wrestler . . . 16
Ruth Swanson—Iowa's Ladies' Free-Throw Champion . . . 16
Anders Haugen—Former World Ski Champion . . . 18, 19
Beatrice Wrath—Ex-Alcoholic and College Graduate . . . 26
Jameson Jones—National Conference Methodist Youth . . . 28
Dr. Mary Martin Sloop—American Mother of 1951 . . . 29
Dr. Sloop's Biography . . . 34
Sammy Urzetta—Amateur Golf Champion . . . 35
Don Gehrmann—Track Star . . . 35
"Hap" Emms—Ice Hockey Coach . . . 35

● REGULAR FEATURES

- Do You Know? . . . 2
World Report . . . 20
What Others Are Saying . . . 35

● POEMS

- Questioning the New Year . . . Grace Noll Crowell . . . 30
New Year's Poems . . . by Anonymous Writers . . . 32

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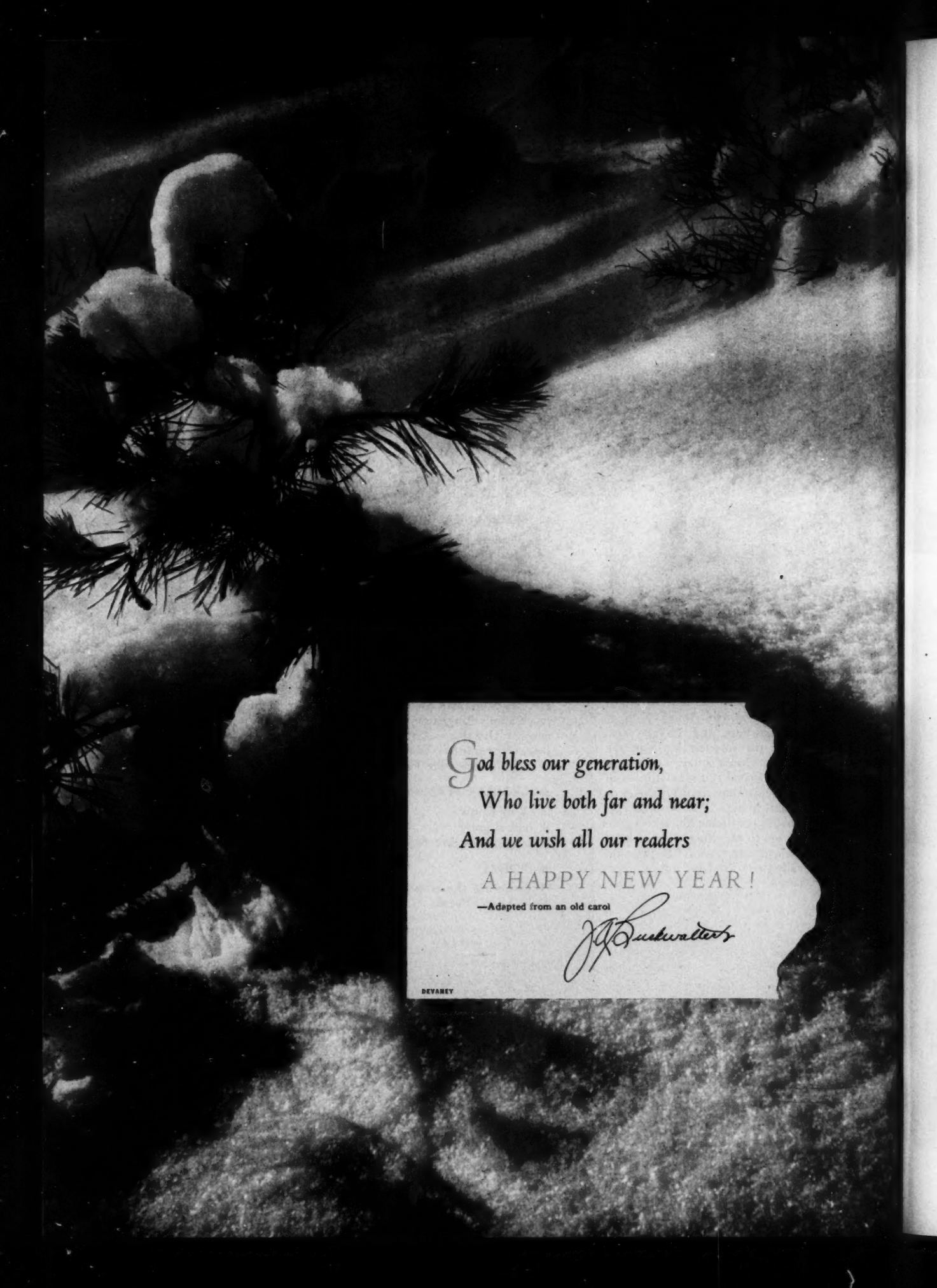
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Publication Office: Pacific Press Publishing Association, Mountain View, California

Office Editor: Charles D. Utt



God bless our generation,
Who live both far and near;
And we wish all our readers

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

—Adapted from an old carol

J. B. Lusk

DEVANEY

A Message to Youth

THE HAPPY, WHOLESOME LIFE

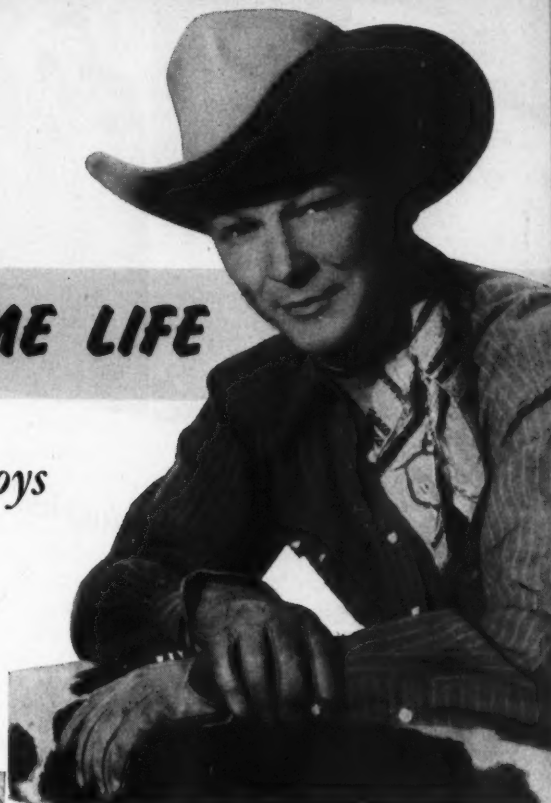
From the King of the Cowboys

ROY ROGERS

Roy Rogers, "King of the Cowboys." The Rogers family: Roy and his wife, Dale Evans, "Queen of the West," and three of their children—five-year-old Dusty, Linda Lou (eight years old), and Cheryl (age eleven). Photos courtesy Roy Rogers.



FIRST QUARTER



If I were to be asked the question, "Roy, why don't you drink?" I think the most honest answer I could give would be, "I don't think it is necessary."

And I don't. My wife, Dale Evans, and I feel we have found about as happy a life as we can hope for; and we have not found that happiness in cocktail parlors, but rather in our everyday activities.

Dale and I love to take our children in the trailer and drive down to the beach, where we can spend the day swimming, fishing, or playing with the kids in the sand. If we aren't fishing, we like to go coon hunting, duck hunting, or even bear hunting; and we are always so busy and so thrilled with just being together and doing the things we most enjoy that we haven't time to think about big parties and going to night clubs.

A great many people are living under what I feel is a great misconception of happiness. They have the feeling that to be smart, sophisticated, popular, or successful, one must always be the life of the party, and that drinking is the only way to achieve this.

(Turn to page 7)

Page 5



ROY ROGERS

August 2, 1951

J. A. Buckwalter, Editor,
LISTEN
Washington 12, D. C.

Dear Mr. Buckwalter:

Thanks for the opportunity to express my views on the subject of alcoholism and its effects. Your publication is to be complimented for the stand it is taking to counteract this force for evil. If people would realize the terrific price they are paying for their folly, the tremendous toll they are taking in lives and property, as a result of their social errors, much good could be accomplished towards reducing and eliminating this frightful problem.

Sincerely,
Roy Rogers
ROY ROGERS

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"Queen of the West" Dale Evans, and "King of the Cowboys" Roy Rogers. They are listed with top stars who are promoting child safety through the co-operation of the National Safety Council.

You know, I feel sorry for anyone with that philosophy. I think they are missing the best things in life; and if they would only look around them, they would soon discover that a person can be much happier by taking advantage of the finer things of life which this world has to offer.

When I was a youngster in Ohio, although we did not get to the city too often, I did not feel that I was missing much. I was too busy going fishing and hunting in any spare time I had, and I never had to worry about trying to find something to do to pass the time.

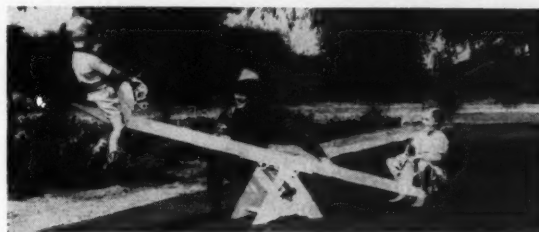
I think you will find that most people who drink do so for lack of anything else with which to occupy their time and mind. As soon as they are numbed into that false sense of dignity and security that alcohol often brings, they begin to feel erroneously that they are con-

tributing to the happiness of others. If just a small portion of the time, energy, and money wasted on alcohol actually was spent in helping others, there would be few alcoholics—everyone would be so busy helping to make life better that there would be little time left for drinking.

You sometimes hear that alcohol is a stimulant and will give you the boost you need. But it is a false stimulant. If it were not a false stimulant, all our best athletes—our boxers, football players, golfers, and swimmers—would take a few drinks just before a big event. But our athletes realize the harmful effects of alcohol and keep away from it.

Every time I pick up a paper it seems there are headlines of tragic automobile accidents; and in the majority of serious cases alcohol was a major factor in the accidents. There is nothing worse than these needless accidents, when often a moment of cautious thinking might avert so much tragedy.

The National Safety Council has some good advice for drivers, which I do not think any good citizen can ignore—"If you drive, don't drink; if you drink, don't drive." Those auto accidents, and the thousands of other accidents that occur when the mind is under the influence of alcohol and unable to function properly, could so easily be averted by just saying "No thanks" when offered a drink.



Dusty and Linda try out a seesaw daddy Roy made for them.

Perhaps the ones to best enforce that "No thanks" rule are the youngsters. Children are a parent's most precious possession, and if the teen-agers would point out the danger of alcohol and driving, there would be a lot less drinking before taking the family for a ride.

A fact that 90 per cent of the public does not realize is that statistics show that one out of every three children who die is killed by some kind of an accident. Think of the number of these tragic deaths that can be attributed to alcoholism on the part of some adult connected with the accident!

A child follows the example of those he admires. The first persons he begins to adore are his parents, and, naturally, he is going to do what he can to follow them. If he sees them always at cocktail parties, he is going to believe that that is part of living; and that will be his way of life when he becomes an adult.

On the other hand, if the family life is centered around wholesome, satisfying activities, such as sports, church fellowship, and other group gatherings, that is the way of life they can expect their children to follow. This way of better living is what Dale and I hope for our children, and we are trying to do what we can to see that our family has a happy, healthy, wholesome life.

1. Roy Rogers loves to bring cheer to sick children in the hospital.
2. Roy and his wife bring home the limit from their day's hunt near Marysville, California.
3. Rogers trains his pet raccoon, one of the many animals on his ranch.
4. "The King of the Cowboys" serenades his wife.
5. Roy has the makings of a real fish story.
6. Trigger is called "the smartest horse in the movies."
7. The famous cowboy breaks in his new tractor in the alfalfa field and vegetable garden.
8. Rogers presents his second annual elementary school safety award, a gold trophy, to Superintendent Frank Mixsell and a member of the Safety Patrol at Glendale, California.
9. Dad and mother personally take charge of Robin Elizabeth, junior member of the Rogers family, at feeding time.
10. Milk time is happy time in the Rogers home. Here daddy Roy fills the glasses for Cheryl, Linda Lou, and Dusty.



CLARENCE W. OLSEN, M.D., F.A.C.P.

PART I

THE ACUTE ALCOHOLIC SYNDROMES

SYNDROMES are symptoms that go together in patients, symptoms that you expect to find accompanying one another and which as a group give us a concept of a certain reaction or a certain disease. The acute alcoholic syndromes are best understood in the light of ethyl alcohol as an anesthetic.

The action of an anesthetic is described as an irregularly descending depression of the nervous system. Alcohol, of course, is listed in our textbooks among the depressants of the nervous system. I do not know of any textbooks that place it among the stimulants.

The irregular part of the depression is that when the depression has affected the brain, the cortex of the brain, and then the nuclei at the base of the brain, it comes down to the vital centers but by-passes them, and for the time being skips them and begins to work on the spinal cord and works upward on the spinal cord in the direction of the vital centers. If the depression were altogether regular the person would, of course, succumb to the narcotic influence of alcohol before any effect on the spinal cord occurred.

In a state of unconsciousness a person may be rather reckless, but as a rule he does not move about very far. He may fall out of bed or out of a chair; but he does not, as a rule, walk around. When an individual is unconscious we observe that he is also paralyzed, although we do not fully realize that as a matter of course. We say, "Well, of course, he is limp; naturally he is unconscious, and he cannot move voluntarily;" but we do

not realize that it is a true paralysis which is exemplified pretty well in some of the phenomena of sleep.

A person who is asleep may have rather vivid dreams, and in these dreams he may be frightened or excited, and in the dream moving around considerably—running, escaping, or whatever motion the dream may indicate, but actually there he is in bed; he doesn't go anywhere in reality. But in a few individuals something goes wrong with that normal mechanism and the person who has the dream gets out of bed and walks; he does not remember anything about it, but he does escape from that paralysis.

Then, much more rarely, we have the converse. For example, one of you might someday in your life, wake up in the morning and be horrified to find that you cannot move at all, just breathe. You may be able to whisper a little bit, but you cannot move for a few minutes, until the paralysis of sleep clears up following the regaining of consciousness. Case reactions of this nature usually occur under great stress. We do not expect ordinarily to be walking in our sleep or waking up with a sleep paralysis. But I mention this because it does apply in the reaction to alcohol.

Alcohol Produces an Irregular Descending Paralysis

So the first acute alcoholic syndrome is that of alcohol acting as an anesthetic and producing an irregular descending paralysis. As it descends it eliminates the function of one control after another, and releases to some degree of excess function, (Turn to page 26)



THREE LIONS

NARCOTICS BLOCKADE

WITH the intensified national and local campaigns against dope addiction, the customs officials of the Federal Government have renewed their efforts to halt the flow of narcotics into the country through ship's smugglers.

Somewhere in Europe or Asia or Africa a would-be smuggler of this nefarious product spends several weeks or months perfecting a device whereby he can bring in a contraband load of narcotics past the watchful eyes of the customs inspectors in the New York Harbor. He hollows out his heels; he has special linings with hidden pockets sewn into his coat; he has a secret panel built into his steamer trunk and even goes to elaborate lengths to secrete some of the more precious varieties of dope within his body orifices. Sometimes these preparations take months. At the other end of his trip is a man who must find these hidden things within a few hours.

FIRST QUARTER

1. It was only a log floating in the bilge below decks, but sure enough, it was filled with bags of opium neatly packed away in its hollowed interior. It could be tossed overboard on landing, then picked up by henchmen ashore.

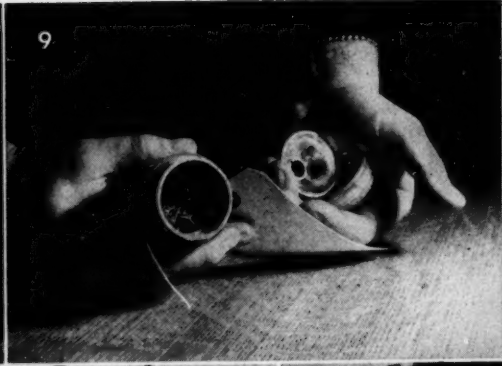
2. Chosen apparently at random, but actually because the ship may have had an earlier case of smuggling on its record, or because of some tip-off, a ship is boarded by a searching party from the Customs Bureau in New York harbor.

3. The granddaddy of them all—the hollow heel. This is a common place for small quantities of dope. Special informers make it possible to single out persons wearing such heels.


4. Well, I declare! Or rather in this case the embarrassed passenger at right did not declare the contents of his false-backed trunk. The thin partition which the customs inspector is about to pry open later produced several packets of narcotics in raw state.

5. The crew and operating quarters of ships are inspected, too. In this control room binnacle, inspectors may find anything from opium to diamonds.

6. A word to the wise inspectors and the suspicious staff gets to work on a crew member's pockets.



ALL PHOTOS IN THIS SERIES
THREE LIONS



That man at the end of the journey is a member of the Enforcement Division of the Customs Bureau maintained in New York and in other Federal harbors by the Government. In the course of one year he may make as many as four thousand seizures, or thirty in one day.

Saving the Government and its people untold woe, the customs inspectors work not only with intuition but with the aid of a wide network of informers in all countries, who are paid a percentage of the value of the seized material when the tips materialize.

In the port of New York alone some sixty men have been assigned to inspect ships for smuggled goods.

NARCOTICS BLOCKADE

7. Escapist literature. There were the makings of many pipe dreams in the narcotic contents of this hollowed book. This device is so obvious that no self-respecting smuggler would use it; but, then, not all smugglers are smart enough.

8. Sometimes it is necessary to take apart things like this ventilator duct—a popular hiding spot. This inspector is directing his steel mirror into the dark innards of the duct whose side he has removed. Tip-offs from informers make it practically impossible for smugglers to work the game profitably.

9. A flashlight carried by a crew member is filled with marijuana. When it weighed too little and gave no light, the customs official looked inside.

10. Over the sides into the lifeboats—one of the preferred spots for smuggled goods. In the lifeboat itself these careful searchers will find even smaller units to be searched, such as various kits and equipment boxes.

11. Sugar is not always what it seems to be. Sometimes dope is mixed with it for later separation. A lab technician at the Customs Bureau laboratory examines some specimens of sugar for analysis.

12. Near the pilot's wheel in the compass housing or binnacle is a good hiding place, or it used to be so until the customs men started to look there.

13. In the hold of the ship the innards of some carcasses are inspected to see if there is anything more than edibles there. Opium was once found in a baker's bread box and in an electric dough mixer.

14. Not a fancy container, but it is capable of holding dope. A simple "frisking" of a suspected person would reveal this ruse.

15. One of the fancier tricks of the customs men is to look into places ordinarily out of sight. This inspector works out a periscope with a piece of mirror and a flashlight.

16. A dirty job in a dirty business. Desperate smugglers do not stop even at garbage. The ship's garbage containers must be gone through for possible containers of narcotics—a detail no one enjoys.

17. The mirror trick works nicely down in the boiler room where the overhead beams are plentiful. Cocaine, which markets at \$400 an ounce or more, could be cached in considerable quantities here.

18. Finally, when the ship's crew comes off the ship, even these trusted messengers are searched.

19. Many Europeans, innocently enough, do not know that one cannot ship alcoholic beverages without paying duty, so considerable quantities of liquor end up with the narcotics in the Customs House.

THIRTEEN YEARS IN HELL

by WILLIAM F. COCHRANE



AFTER I graduated from a West Coast high school at the age of fifteen, my parents, who were well-to-do and respected citizens of their community, sent me to a well-known Eastern college to equip me to take my place as a useful citizen in society.

Little did they or I dream that one social drink of whisky, taken with one of my professors after a college football game, would drive me straight to the gates of hell. Never did we dream that the ensuing years would see me charged with alcoholism, facing judges all over the country; and that disgrace and ruin and finally death would be brought to my family as a result of the habit I acquired with that one social drink.

That first social drink of whisky eventually drove me from the school campus, down the social scale from one job to another, from one town to another, from a beautiful home with servants down to skid row's flophouses.

I lived for a time in sewers, with rats running over my body; and finally, after hospitals and sanitariums had given up, I was committed to a state mental hospital as a hopeless alcoholic.

"Why, oh, why has this happened to me?" I would cry in despair when I would wake up chained to a bed in a "psycho" ward, or lying in a vermin-ridden jail or sewer. Again and again I would resolve to try anew to conquer alcohol, but I *could not*. I was helpless. Significantly descriptive of my inner struggle are the words of Saint Paul, "The good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do."

Time after time upon my release from hospitals, jails, sanitariums, and asylums, my comrades would shout, "We're free now," but I could not concur with them—for me there was no freedom. I was under bondage to alcohol. How I hated it! But I could not stop. I would do anything to satiate the terrible craving that grew out of what I once thought was a "harmless" social drink.

It didn't matter what I drank—wine, canned heat, rubbing alcohol, witch hazel—just so I had another drink. My self-respect was gone; liquor was my god, and I served it faithfully. I would do anything to get it—lie, steal, cheat, beg. There was no way out.

Days and nights of remorse, weeks and months of sorrow and despair, followed in the wake of that "harmless" social drink. I lost hope. I hated society, myself, and alcohol, but I had to have more. I was alcohol's slave.

In desperation I tried suicide. The last time I was discharged from a state mental hospital, the doctors made this notation on my discharge: "Further treatment not beneficial." I had exhausted even their patience. I was too far gone mentally, morally, and spiritually. I was hopeless. Finally, while serving time in Lincoln Heights jail in Los Angeles, California, one day I heard some girls from a religious group telling that "Jesus saves." I resolved to do better this time, but upon my release I was again caught in the whirlwind of alcoholic binges. I would go to a blood bank, sell a pint of blood for four dollars, and buy eight quarts of wine, then I would lie in alleys or parks or sewers until I had drunk myself into an unconscious stupor—only to rise and search for more.

It was a living hell. I would go weeks without eating or bathing. How I survived the nightmares and delirium tremens, I do not know; but one day I stumbled into a Harbor Light revival meeting on Los Angeles' skid row. I did not go there for salvation, but for a bowl of soup to keep my miserable self alive. As I sat down I looked more like a wild animal than a human being. I was covered with lice and wine sores. Every nerve and fiber was crying out for liquor. I was trembling all over. My few clothes were dirty and ragged. Even the hobos present moved away from me.

The minister was speaking, but what did he know about my living hell? I was in it—but wait—what was he saying? He seemed to be telling the (Turn to page 21)



The author,
Edith Alderman Deen

Mrs. WORLDLY

AND

Mrs. FINE

by EDITH ALDERMAN DEEN

FOR months, she had been drinking quietly in her own home. Her husband, a successful, sober professional man, was trying to help her hide her bad habit from the world.

When friends would call, the maid would say, "I'm sorry, but Mrs. Worldly is not at home."

She was one of those women who had not been able to face her daily problems. She had learned, through social drinking at cocktail parties, that some of her problems would dissolve themselves temporarily in the cocktail glass.

It seemed strange how she became dependent upon that cocktail glass, merely by accepting first one social drink and then another, at first only to be a "good sport." Before she knew it she was wanting cocktails at home before dinner. In earlier years she had never had such a thought.

A little later she was craving them between meals. Then the first thing she knew, this habit for drink, which she had so dreaded these last few months, had insidiously slipped up on her. Strangely enough it had all started with "simple little cocktails."

Mrs. Worldly had been an attractive woman, courteous, quiet, well-dressed, much admired in her set. People singled her out in a crowd because of her charming qualities. That is, they did before the cocktails became an obsession with her.

Then slowly something began to happen. Circles were forming around her eyes. Her dignity, after she had had too many cocktails, vanished, even as her problems had vanished temporarily. But the circles around her eyes did not vanish. They were there to stay. And her problems and craving for drink were, too.

Edith Alderman Deen is a daily columnist and a radio commentator. For 26 years she has been woman's editor of the Fort Worth Press. She also is a member of the board of regents of Texas State College for Women, largest state-supported college for women in this country.

She is the wife of Edgar Deen, former mayor of Fort Worth and now president of the League of Texas Municipalities.

In 1949 she was named "Woman of the Year" by the Fort Worth Altrusa Club and honored at a banquet attended by more than seven hundred guests.

A metamorphosis came over her entire being. She had changed from a charming gentlewoman to a loud, noisy, boisterous woman.

Her old friends were ashamed to be seen with her. Soon she had no friends, for she lived largely behind the closed doors of her own home, in utter misery and seclusion. Her husband's clientele dropped off somewhat. Her only daughter was ashamed to face her friends.

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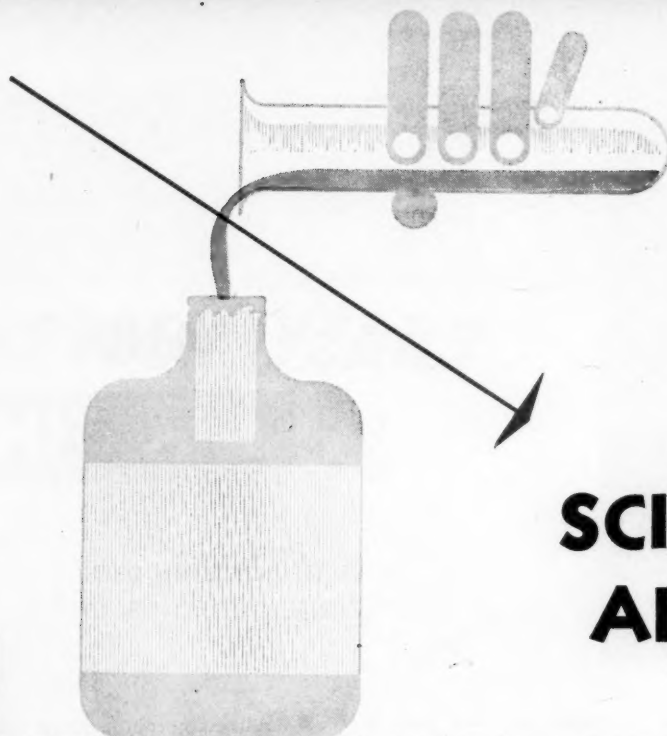
Not far down the same tree-lined, quiet avenue, lived Mrs. Fine, who had dignity, charm, and stamina. She was admired because she was a woman who possessed the courage of her convictions.

She accepted a few invitations to cocktail parties, if they were given by her husband's business associates, but she passed up the cocktails entirely. She would accept only a glass of water, or if it was being served, a glass of fruit juice.

This woman had problems, too. Who doesn't? But she faced hers. She knew that we grow stronger by seeking a solution to our problems, not by running away from them. Her problems vanished, too, but not in the cocktail glass. They vanished in the alchemy of the fine character which she was building.

Mrs. Fine was a woman who had not been particularly attractive in her youth. She had been a rather quiet, unobtrusive type that one would never single out in a crowd. But as the years had passed, she had gained an indefinable charm. Friends said it was a benediction to be in her presence, for she had a glow of health, a softly modulated voice, an easy, confident stride, complete self-assurance and naturalness, and integrity with herself as with others.

She was a charming hostess and (Turn to page 21)



by HAVEN
EMERSON, M.D.

Professor Emeritus of Public
Health, Columbia University

PART 1

SCIENCE and ALCOHOL



WE NATURALLY want to know what it is we are dealing with in discussing the scientific story of alcohol. *It was Lavoisier, the great French chemist, who discovered the formula for ethyl alcohol, C_2H_5OH (ethyl alcohol).* We are not considering any of the other alcohols, or the whole realm of the marvelous industrial usefulness of nonbeverage alcohols, including the toxified form of ethanol. We are not concerned with methyl alcohol, or butyl alcohol, or propyl alcohol. Methyl alcohol we have to be concerned with as wood alcohol, and as an accidental and illegal ingredient of drinks. It is not a beverage alcohol.

Let us agree then that the *first important scientific contribution was to be able to name and identify the only toxic element that has any significance in beverages with alcohol, namely, ethyl alcohol.* There are other ingredients, but they are pitifully small and wholly insignificant in amount so far as the toxic or damaging effect is concerned.

Do not let anybody kid you into thinking that prohibition liquor was worse than legal liquor. *The worst alcohol is the best alcohol. The alcohol that has the purest ethyl is the one that has the most poison in it.* All the studies of Dr. Edsall and Dr. Reid Hunt, and of chemists of the Surgeon General's office all through prohibition showed that *all of the products of the illicit trade of prohibition were less toxic than the purest, strongest pre-war brand of alcohol, because they had less alcohol in them. Their object was to sell what appeared to have alcohol in it, and sell more water than liquor.*

The result was that the alcohol that was produced during that time and that was supposed to be so toxic and dangerous, was less toxic, in fact, than the alcohol with the purest, best ethyl alcohol that occurred in the prewar brands. Now, I am not referring to what might be untasty or unpleasant, or irritating to the stomach, but to the fact that for toxic quality there is only one thing

we are concerned with, and that is the ethyl alcohol for which Lavoisier developed the formula.

And what happened to Lavoisier? He was guillotined because of being a tax collector. It was unpopular, in the revolution in France in 1789, to be a tax collector; and that great man, one of the greatest of chemists, was guillotined because he was of the aristocracy. The comment was made that "it took but a moment to sever that head, but it will take centuries to duplicate it." However, he was the first person to make an important specific contribution to our systematic knowledge about alcohol.

In 1853, the next, and probably the most important socially, contribution of the sciences was made by Otto Schmiedeberg. He was the professor of pharmacology at Strasbourg. Otto Schmiedeberg started a school of knowledge which has influenced all the subsequent teaching of drug therapeutics in the world. Almost all the professors of pharmacology, who devote themselves to the scientific application of medicinal substances to disease, learned their principles either at Schmiedeberg's laboratory or from his teachings. He was the great father of all the pharmacologists of this country. He taught those who became the professors of pharmacology at our medical schools.

In 1853, at an international physiological congress in Europe, Schmiedeberg declared that *alcohol as used on experimental animals was, in whatever doses, and on whatever living being or human tissue, or whatever function, always a depressant narcotic drug.* Remember that it was not until about 1850 that chloroform and ether were made available, and alcohol was another of the same series. Schmiedeberg made his great initial studies on these three narcotic drugs—alcohol, chloroform, and ether.

He studied them together because of their similarity of action. They differed only in

(Turn to page 30)

OF THE 471 judges replying to date to *Listen's* questionnaire to determine the judiciary estimate of the influence of alcoholic beverages upon civil and criminal cases, 233 of the judges completed percentage estimates indicating the proportion of offenses in various criminal categories to which alcoholic beverages were a major or a contributing factor. A total of 257 judges either completely or partially completed percentage estimates. This statistical analysis is a partial summarization of these percentage estimates.

The judges estimated on cases coming under their jurisdiction, and consequently in many instances were qualified to answer only a portion of the questionnaire. Other judges who did not actually list the percentages under each category confined their replies to a statement of the general situation as they have found it. A number of these statements have already appeared in *Listen*. In view of this fact, it is observed that a smaller number of judges estimated their percentages than the total number replying.

Findings of the judiciary estimate of alcohol's involvement in the nation's crime, submitted by judges in *Listen's* national poll, indicate that in addition to the nation's arrests for drunkenness, which account for approximately 23 per cent of the total arrests, liquor is a major factor in 39.6 per cent of all crime, according to the average percentage estimate of 233 judges, and is involved in 63.6 per cent of all convictions. This leaves only 36 per cent of criminal offenses (other than arrests for drunkenness) in which no liquor factor was apparent.

AS VIEWED FROM THE BENCH



by J. A.
BUCKWALTER

PART III

POLL OF JUDGES SHOWS ALCOHOL A MAJOR CRIME FACTOR

*This statistical analysis is based
on a total of 471 replies
received from judges in 43 states.*

Judges from all quarters of the country sent in their percentage estimates of the proportion of cases coming before them involving alcoholic beverages. *These questionnaires did not include drunkenness, consequently these percentages are estimates of alcohol involvement in other offenses over and above those of drunk arrests.* Personal injury cases due to automobile accidents would of course include an estimate of drinking drivers, but the usual charges of drunkenness and disorderly conduct were not included in this survey.

These average percentages are taken from judges residing in both urban and rural areas. In some areas the percentages are much higher than those of others. The replies are based on the judge's own personal experience, being an estimate or the actual findings of his records.

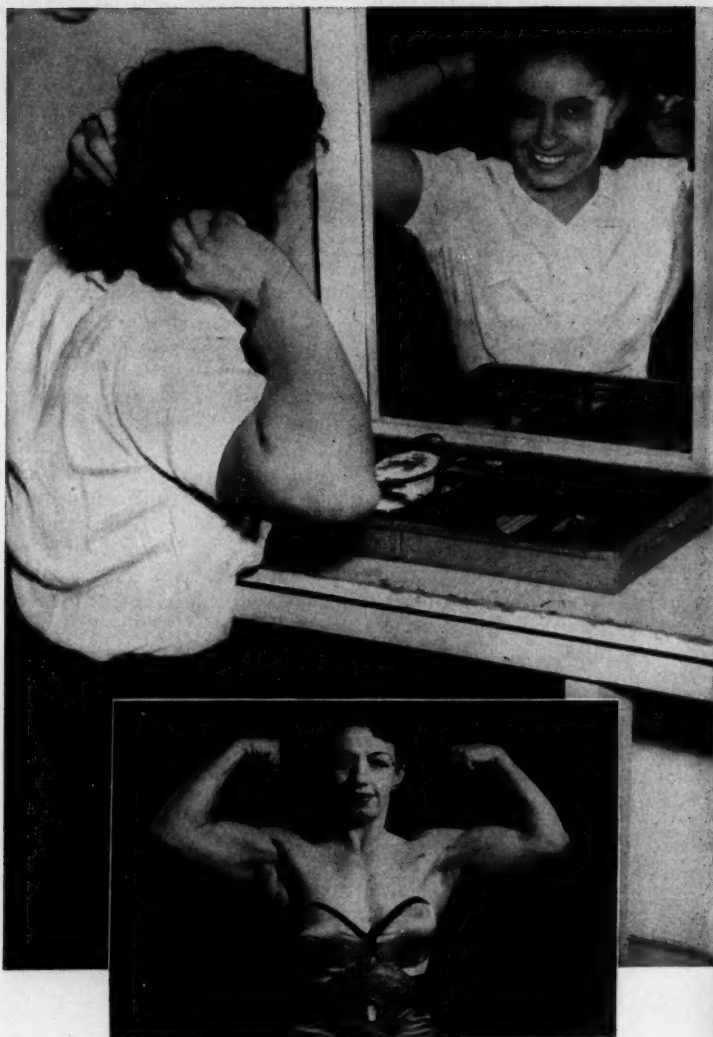
Obviously a number of factors affect the different percentages in the various localities, such as: the availability of alcohol, the size of the city and congestion of population, the local conditions of law enforcement or lack of it, as well as the possible personal conviction of the judge. All these have a bearing on the percentage estimate. These estimates range from that of a judge who indicates that 100 per cent of the cases showed no liquor involvement, to an area where a judge found liquor a factor in 98 per cent of cases coming before him. This indicates the wide range of percentages.

In cases where actual records were kept as to liquor involvement in crimes it is significant to note that the records in most categories and in most instances showed higher percentages than the average percentage figures indicated in the over-all survey.

The accompanying table gives the over-all average percentage of all judges estimating or listing their findings in each particular offense. In other words, we list herewith the average percentage of the total observations of all the judges reporting in the listed categories in which liquor was found to be a contributing or major factor. This is the average of both the judicial estimates and judicial records submitted in the survey.

The reader is reminded again that this includes estimates from localities with *varying degrees of criminal activities. It is the average of both heavy and low percentage alcohol involvement areas. It is an attempt to secure something of a judiciary estimate of the national crime situation as it is affected by alcohol, including both sparsely settled and heavily populated areas of the country.* We submit these interesting figures to our readers for their own study. Obviously there are great difficulties in any survey of this kind. However, it gives some concept of the deep inroads that alcohol is making in our national and social life.

While to some these figures may appear conservative when they contemplate the high percentage of alcohol involvement in the more heavily populated areas, yet when we take into consideration that these judicial estimates represent a cross-section of the country, including a number of the smaller rural sections where not many cases appear on the docket, and the judges' estimates are naturally lower because of fewer cases involving alcohol, one is nevertheless *impressed with the fact that the over-all average of crime chargeable to drink is the largest single problem contributing to criminal offenses in our nation.* (Turn to page 33)



"I attribute my long, successful career as world champion to my never smoking or drinking."

Mildred Burke

RUTH SWANSON

Girls' Free-Throw State Basketball Champion, Iowa, 1951, writes:

"I do not feel as though smoking and drinking have any place in athletics. They are not only harmful to an athlete's health and to success in athletic competition, but are very unattractive to see. I have neither habit, and I'm sure I never will."

Ruth Swanson

MILDRED BURKE

World Champion Girl Wrestler

Mildred was born in Coffeyville, Kansas, also the birthplace of Walter Johnson, the Big Train of major league baseball. In fifteen years of wrestling she has never been thrown, although she admits rugged matches in forty-three of the forty-eight states, as well as in Cuba, Mexico, and Canada.

The 35-year-old, 5-foot 2-inch blue-eyed pioneer of girls' wrestling, who started out once as an interior decorator, says, "This sport [wrestling] got into my blood early."

Manager Billy Wolfe says Mildred wrestles on the average of three to five nights a week, eight months a year. "She rests the other four," says Billy. "Mildred has two homes in Los Angeles, both show places," he says with pride. "One is for herself and the other for her mother."

While the world knows of Mildred's skill, few know her personal background. Her mother, Mrs. Bertha E. Bliss, lives next door to her in Los Angeles. She is seventy-five years of age. "I owe my success to her," says Mildred. "She is a

(Turn to page 25)

◀ Mildred Burke, for thirteen years women's world wrestling champion, the pin-up girl who pins 'em down,—at \$50,000 a year,—lists total abstinence from alcoholic beverages as one of the principal reasons for her success.

REGISTER & TRIBUNE





KEYSTONE

IT WAS a typical January night and the frigid wind penetrated to the marrow of my bones as I made my way along skid row toward my hotel. Finally I could not stand it longer. So I stopped at the only place that was still open along the street—a little bar that sounded like Times Square in the midst of an armistice celebration.

I waited a few minutes before placing my order, soaking up the warmth of the dingy atmosphere. Suddenly above all the turbulence came the sound of a piano and Brahms' "Waltz in A-Flat." I listened spellbound, wondering how such music could live in such an atmosphere. It indeed was a master's interpretation. "The Barcarole" from the Tales of Hoffmann came next. The pianist's temperamental rendition of this lilting Venetian boat song seemed to waft me out of the dismal place and into a world of beauty and dreams.

After the last strains of the music had died away I forgot about my order and made my way toward the piano in the corner. Slumped drunkenly on the stool was a shabbily dressed fellow of about fifty or so, with a week's growth of whiskers accenting his face. But when he played he became an entirely different personality. His dirty, yet dexterous fingers flashing across the keyboard, perfectly executing the world's immortal melodies, told me more eloquently than words that this was not a tramp but an artist. And as my further appraisal noted the muted compassion that lay behind his bloodshot eyes, I saw that he was living in a world all his own, and I knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that here was a genius!

"That was remarkable," I commented in an effort to open conversation.

"Thank you, young man," the fellow replied. "The last time I played that number was when I was with the ——." And he named one of the finest symphony orchestras in the world!

I was momentarily stunned. Without stopping to think I blurted out, "But, what, what are you doing here?"

"Well," he countered drunkenly, "perhaps you know the old saying: 'Every moderate drinker could stop if he would, and every inebriate would if he could.' Can you guess what class I'm in?" he added bitterly.

"Hey, you," the arrival of the proprietor interrupted our conversation. "How often do I hafta tell you not to play that rot? Give us jive or hot music or you'll find yourself out on the street again. You drunken fool!"

Brokenly the man turned back to the piano and pounded out the discordant melodies that the patrons demanded. But now he was different—he was all tramp—he was everything that the place represented.

My heart was heavy as I turned at the door to take one last glance at the genius buried there.

"That's the idea, fella—you're O.K." A red-nosed customer was pounding my new friend on the back. "Come on, let's sing, 'How Dry I Am'—maybe the house will pop then."

And the sound of their drunken laughter nearly drowned out the memory of Chopin's "Minuet Waltz" coming from the piano in the corner.



Former World Ski Champion Total Abstainer for Thirty-Nine Years

ANDERS HAUGEN, three times world ski champion, four times national champion and captain of the first and second American Olympic ski teams (1924 and 1928), is still skiing at 63 years of age. Lithe and fit, he attributes his health and long history of skiing to his diet, exercise, and total abstinence from alcohol and tobacco. Says Mr. Haugen:

"During the last thirty-nine years I have not had one cocktail, or eaten meat, nor have I smoked a cigar, pipe, or cigarette. Although I once used alcohol, I am a total abstainer now and have been for thirty-nine years. In earlier life I drank enough to harm my stomach; and to this day I feel the effects of that bad habit. I am sure, had I continued that course, I would have been six feet under the turf long ago. It surely pays to keep a healthy body, no matter who you are or what you do."

Anders Haugen

Tall and muscular Anders Haugen, who learned to ski almost as soon as he learned to walk, made his first American ski jump at Chippewa Falls in 1908. By 1911 he won the world's ski-jumping record at Ironwood, Michigan, with a 154-foot span.

In 1919 at Dillon, Colorado, Anders Haugen staged a glorious comeback; he broke his world's record with a leap of 213 feet and in 1929 he established a world's record 214-foot leap.

In 1924, at the Olympic games at Chamonix, France, while captain of the American ski team, he made a sensational jump of fifty meters.

Some of the most famous skiers in America have been influenced by Anders Haugen's example in diet and total abstinence. A vegetarian, Haugen restricts his proteins largely to eggs, milk, cheese, and nuts. He uses neither alcohol nor tobacco.

He originated indoor skiing in 1935 in Minneapolis.





World Report

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA HANGOVER TOWN

HELEN CARPENTER GILLETTE

ANCHORAGE, the boom-town metropolis of Alaska, is a town that is strictly "under the influence."

The 30,000 inhabitants of what is known as the Greater Anchorage Area are served by approximately 150 bars, night clubs, and package stores; and the number is constantly increasing. The city's main street, Fourth Avenue, is known locally as "the longest bar in the world."

Hundreds of young downy-faced servicemen from nearby Fort Richardson and Elmendorf Air Base complain that they can find no recreation in Anchorage aside from that furnished in the clubs, in short, there's "nothing to do but drink."

Law officers who are unable to cope with a rapidly worsening pattern of crime declare that at least 90 per cent of the trouble springs from drink.

"And we're going to keep right on having this trouble until the city fathers and the territorial legislature get up the courage to do something about it!" declares Third District Judge Anthony J. Dimond, who hears a heavy docket of criminal cases.

As a reporter for one of the local papers, *The Anchorage Daily News*, I know that many burglaries, "rollings," and assaults are never reported to the press by the officers, for fear of alarming the public.

"If the people knew the kind of town they're living in, they'd be terrified," one officer said. "I wouldn't permit my daughter to walk down any Anchorage street after dusk." He added that he does not believe that it is safe for a grown man to be out on most streets by himself "too late at night."

Recently Police Chief T. H. Miller fought a losing battle to prevent the city council from granting chauffeurs' licenses to prospective women bus drivers. Three women applying for the licenses stated that they had had years of experience in Los Angeles and Chi-

cago traffic, without any traffic accident.

The chief said he had no quarrel with women drivers, "but a woman cab or bus driver would lay herself wide open to attack in this town."

Within the past year I've covered the three courts that convene here,—city, commissioner's, and district,—and have seen dozens of teen-aged servicemen charged with such serious crimes as rape, armed robbery, assault, and even first-degree murder.

In nearly every case the lawyer attempts to win clemency for his client on grounds that his senses were befuddled by drink. This was even true in the case of Harvey L. Carignan, a soldier who confessed to the brutal murder of an elderly Anchorage housewife, Mrs. Laura Showalter, in 1949.

His lawyer showed in court that the twenty-two-year-old North Dakota boy committed the brutal act only after he had spent the entire day in a drunken round of dozens of bars.

Likewise, in the case of four soldiers convicted of holding up a liquor-store clerk at gun point, their attorney conceded that "they were so drunk that there's no question as to whether the necessary element of criminal intent could be sustained."

The judges of all Anchorage courts join in the opinion that "90 per cent of the cases would never be brought here if it weren't for liquor."

Military authorities, alarmed by the danger to their men, recently set a 1 a.m. curfew for servicemen, extended to 2 a.m. on Saturdays. The provost marshal at Elmendorf, Major Maurice Murdock, told reporters that it was necessary to place these establishments out of bounds at the specified hours "for the protection, welfare, and health of servicemen."

Clubs within the city limits already were forced by city ordinance to observe these closing hours, but owners of the numerous establishments immediately

outside protested loudly that the action would put them out of business.

"Our business doesn't get started until midnight, and we'd be out of business if it weren't for the military," the owner of the Golden Sandal Club asserted.

"Our boys are grateful for the early curfew," one military man said, "whether they say so or not. By 1 a.m. they have had so much to drink that they don't have enough will power to go on out to the base. So they stop at the Nugget Bar ("old-fashioned hospitality, sawdust on the floor," its advertisements say), or at the Good Times Club, or at any of a dozen others near the base. There they fall prey to unscrupulous cab drivers, or to the women who frequent those places."

All of the clubs, incidentally, advertise loudly, over the radio and through the press, that "they are willing to cash pay checks at no obligation." And in Anchorage bars, as in those anywhere, the customer is always right—until his money gives out.

"As long as he can stand up and yell 'Timber!' they slap him on the back," says Marge Smith, who ran a cafe in the back of one local bar for many years. "When his pockets get empty they throw the old bum out!"

Marge went broke and lost her business a few weeks ago because she had fed so many of the winos free. A mother at heart, she has given hundreds of drunks their first solid food in days, and nursed them back to their feet again with soft-boiled eggs and toast. The winos have a soft place in their heart for her, but they seldom pay their old checks. When they have money they can't resist the barroom.

Every now and then someone on the city council demands that something be done about the constantly increasing number of bars. But the bar owners are the men with money, and money always speaks loudly. Besides, the city collects 60 per cent of the substantial territorial business license which all such establishments must purchase. Its cost is based to some extent on the amount of business which the proprietor does. Also each such business within city limits must secure a city license for a flat fee.

Present territorial liquor laws are lax. In order to get a license, the owner simply has to make a census of an area surrounding his place for a radius of two miles. Then he tries to get a majority of these residents, citizens of twenty-one or over, to sign his petition. This accomplished, a Federal court hearing is held, and if the signatures appear to be bona fide, the judge must automatically approve the license.

But from this custom the city reaps a whirlwind of crime and vice. On Monday the city courtroom is packed with the week end's crop of drunks. The tiny, crowded jail is always filled with winos, construction workers, and men out of jobs who have sought company and consolation in the bottle.

Eskimo boys coming to town for work are rapidly corrupted by the bar-room atmosphere.

world war has caught them unawares.

Now that huge defense projects are under way in Alaska, it becomes doubly important that the Alaskan metropolis keep a clear head.

The whole thing is an illustration of how far men who traffic in liquor will go when they are not held down by law. Moderation is not a popular word here. The liquor racketeers are out for every cent they can get!



Night view of the main street, Anchorage, Alaska. Almost uncontrolled in this place, the liquor business demonstrates how far it will go for profit.

Judge Dimond, beloved district court judge and former Alaskan delegate to Congress, is one of the town's foremost enemies of drink. Time and again he admonishes the unhappy men and women and youngsters brought before him, *"Never take another drink. Even one drink may be your downfall, and lead to your appearance here again."*

Federal Judge George W. Folta of Juneau, who sometimes comes to Anchorage to assist with the heavier docket in the Third District, recently made a speech in which he listed liquor as being *"perhaps the greatest single cause of juvenile delinquency. . . . It is puzzling why persons interested in better environment for young people continue to tolerate on the main streets of our towns, influences that nullify our institutions for good—the churches, the schools, the home, and Scout organizations."*

He declared that, territorial laws being what they are, "it becomes rather safe to conduct any criminal enterprise outside the city limits. Word spreads like wildfire of a community like this, and criminals and crooks are attracted to this area from all over the United States."

The city's permanent residents are quiet, law-abiding, churchgoing people, for the most part. But the mushrooming growth of the city since the second

MRS. WORLDLY AND MRS. FINE

(Continued from page 13)

made a specialty of concocting delicious fruit punches for her guests. She would mix lime, lemon, and orange, also a bit of the shredded peel, and pineapple and apricot juice, and would sweeten the mixture with honey. She served this with cracked ice. For color she would add a sprig of mint leaves. This was a favorite summer drink with her guests.

Guests felt better after they had visited in her home, and they respected themselves. Most of all they respected her, because she was a woman who set the highest of standards in her town.

* * *

A striking contrast these two women present—Mrs. Worldly, who became an addict to cocktails, and Mrs. Fine, who believed in total abstinence. They are the prototypes of many we see socially in every state and country. They represent intemperance on the one hand and true temperance on the other.

Mrs. Worldly's weakness for cocktails had made her become loud and boisterous and degraded, and had destroyed her feminine charm; while Mrs. Fine's total abstinence from the narcotic alcohol had resulted in strength of character. She had laid the foundation for a symmetrical personality.

Mrs. Fine is the prototype of those who form the backbone of this great nation. It is she and others like her who uphold good standards. These women are the mothers of those who will lead out in the world tomorrow, the inspiration of men who are the builders today.

It was Horace Mann who said: "Let there be an entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks throughout this country during the period of a single generation, and a mob would be as impossible as combustion without oxygen."

This nation is strong because of these women who are firm-willed, not weak and vacillating, who are gay but not boisterous, who stand before the world a symbol of beautiful balance and abstinence, the wonder of which is real and lasting beauty.

THIRTEEN YEARS IN HELL

(Continued from page 12)

audience my own story, as he told how his life had been reclaimed. After graduating from Oxford and a Chicago law school, and after serving two terms in the Washington State Legislature, he, too, had become a social drinker, and, like me, had spent twenty-three years a slave to alcohol, winding up in the gutter. Then Jesus had lifted him out, and since then Envoy Bert Lynch had dedicated his life to the telling of the story of how Jesus saves even the alcoholics who will but trust Him.

Other alcoholics bore their personal witness. From doctors, lawyers, business executives, and even a former judge, came testimonies of how they, too, had been under the bondage of alcohol, like me, until Jesus had set them free. The minister told me that Alcoholics Anonymous teaches that a person should turn his life and will over to God.

Then it happened. That day, over a year ago, I stumbled to the altar and told God to take all of me—this besotted, trembling wreck who thirteen years before had started what had turned out to be torture in a living hell, with a "harmless" social drink. That night I gave God my heart, and He set me free.

That same night I lost all my desire for alcohol. Now I hate it. I hate it for what it did to me. I hate it for what it has done to other men and women.

Envoy Lynch, with the aid of a well-known physician who donates his services, soon had me physically rehabilitated. I now have a responsible position. My evenings I spend assisting Envoy Lynch in proclaiming liberty to alcohol's captives, to all who surrender their lives to the One who can make them truly free.



THE two all-state high-school basketball tournaments in Iowa afford a worth-while outlet for youthful energies and community pride. Lyle Quinn, executive director of the Iowa High School Athletic Association, holds up before the youth Grantland Rice's immortal statement, "When the One Great Scorer comes to write against your name, He marks—not that you won or lost—but how you played the game."

The girls' tournament, one of the two best in the nation (with Texas), climaxed March 3, 1951, with Hansell triumphing over Monona 70-59. Hansell was one of the best-balanced teams in the tournament, with fine shooting by Alberta Van Dyke and guarding by Helen Wilkinson. It was voted all-state, first team.

In the boys' tournament Roland, one of the smaller "B" schools in the state, was strengthened with the deadly accuracy of Gary Thompson. His team raced past the big "AA" teams to challenge Davenport (last year's champs) in the finals. In the third quarter the 14,000 fans chanted "Roll with Roland" as Gary Thompson, the best in the tournament, drove his teammates ahead of the "Blue Devils" until the last four minutes of the game. Then Merle Johnson sparked the Davenport team into a running style that no team could match, to win 50-40.

The survey results on the 16 boys' and 16 girls' teams, a total of 345 youthful athletes, are an interesting and valuable insight into teen-age athletes' attitudes toward drinking and smoking. Training rules, of course, call for total abstinence by all players.

The questions and answers submitted in the survey are as follows:

	GIRLS		BOYS	
	Yes	No	Yes	No
1. Have you ever tasted any alcoholic beverage?	110	58	146	28
2. Do you use alcoholic beverages on occasion?	18	152	36	139
3. Have you ever smoked?	83	87	149	26
4. Do you smoke occasionally now?	3	167	27	147
5. Do you think that either habit is a help to athletes?	0	170	3	162
6. Do young people have to smoke and use alcoholic beverages (at least in so-called "moderation") to be popular and successful?	2	166	6	167
Percentage breakdown indicates that				
65 per cent of the girls have tried or tasted alcoholic beverages.				
11 per cent use alcoholic beverages on occasion.				
48 per cent of the girls have tried smoking.				
2 per cent are now smoking.				
85 per cent of the boys have tried or tasted alcoholic beverages.				
21 per cent use alcoholic beverages on occasion.				
85 per cent of the boys have tried smoking.				
15 per cent are now smoking.				

Several findings of the survey are worthy of note:

1. The high incidence of "trying, tasting, or experimenting" with drinking and smoking.
2. A greater percentage have formed the occasional drinking habit than have formed the smoking habit.
3. The almost unanimous condemnation of either habit as helpful to an athlete.
4. The combined opinion that neither habit is necessary to popularity.

If smoking is a greater problem among teen-agers, as many educators seem to believe, then why the higher drinking incidence? If drinking is more prevalent for lack of strong educational facilities and guidance for the teen-ager,

MIDWEST BASKETBALL SYMPOSIUM

by ROBERT ROACH



HANSELL LADIES BASKETBALL TEAM, 1951

"I feel that basketball and drinking just don't mix. *Any teen-ager who feels that drinking is smart, is sadly misled and needs attention from his parents. Drinking certainly doesn't aid one in basketball in any way.*"

LILLIAN DOHLMAN.

"To my knowledge a teen-ager doesn't know much about alcoholic beverages. But *alcohol is harmful to both teen-agers and adults.*"

JUNE WOODLEY.

"As a teen-ager, and as an athlete, I believe *there is absolutely nothing attained and no good reached through the drinking of alcoholic beverages.*"

MARY FRANCES HARPER.

"I feel that absolutely nothing good can be gained from the use of alcoholic beverages. It is a waste of money as well as a waste of our health. *Anyone who is a success on or off the court refrains from the use of alcoholic beverages.*"

SHIRLEY THOMPSON.

then this survey is revealing. The only other explanation relatively logical is that drinking socially and in the home has reached a new high and is therefore increasingly being used even among young athletes who ordinarily are more inclined to be abstinent for the game's sake. Youth know the facts by the evident tally which says that neither habit is helpful to athletics or social life. The great gap to be crossed between facts and habits lies in the attitudes developed by the youth, by the example and teaching of parents, coaches, and educators concerning the facts.

DAVENPORT BASKETBALL TEAM:
Iowa State Champions, 1951

"I feel that drinking and smoking are very bad habits to get into for any athlete. I think that drinking is one of the worst things that tears down the condition of an athlete and wrecks his health; and it will also probably have some bad effect later on in life."

Ed DePOOTER

"I think drinking or smoking is a bad habit and hurts your playing in sports. I really don't think any athlete should smoke or drink."

CARMEN CARPENTER

"By no means is it necessary to use alcoholic beverages to be popular. I think it does break down training rules."

CARL WIDSETH

"I don't feel that alcoholic beverages have any place in athletics, because of the constant training that they call for. I also don't feel that these beverages should be used as a person grows older for the reason that it takes so much training to get your body built up; and it isn't worth while to tear it down."

FRANK SCHEVENCEL

"I've learned that nondrinkers and nonsmokers are the great athletes of the past and present. I've seen what smoking and drinking have done to possible 'greats,' and I've decided to be as good as I can, without smoking or liquor in my life."

MERLE JENSEN

All-State Star on the
Champion Davenport Team, 1951

ROLAND BASKETBALL TEAM, 1951

"I think alcohol is one rotten thing that lowers the standard of living a lot. It's hazardous to other people who do not drink it, and who have to drive the highways with drinkers on it. I think if we got rid of all the taverns in this country, and the whole world, would be a better place to live. I even hate the smell of drink, and I hate to associate with a person who drinks alcoholic beverages."

GARY THOMPSON

Best all-state on
Roland Basketball Team, 1951

"It is no good! A bad habit to get into because it is a habit. Any athlete who uses it is not a real one. It's just no good."

RALPH JOHNSON

"I never use alcoholic beverages. Beer seems to make you fatter and slower. If you can leave alcohol alone it is best."

JAKE HILL

"I believe that alcohol is very bad on all occasions, whether the person is an athlete or an undertaker."

DAVID PETERSON

FIRST QUARTER



The Davenport basketball team poses with school sponsors at the end of a season that brought victory and glory to the school.



Gary Thompson, best all-state on the Roland basketball team, with trophies won by his team in 1951.



Merle Jensen, all-state star on the champion Davenport basketball team, shows trophies he helped his team to win in 1951.

"You don't need the stuff; and I will never resort to it. It's all a habit that is brought on in the teens, just as when you try shaving and feel superior over your friends. You can be so enthusiastic over it you will practically need it."

DONALD HOLLAND

"I for one am strictly against it. I don't think that it helps anyone—athletes or anyone else. I think it gives the person a bad reputation by all who see him or her in a drunken state. I believe that it is best to stay clear of the drinking habit."

FRANKLIN EGLAND

MORE DEADLY THAN

WAR



**JUDGE ROGER
ALTON PFAFF**

**MUNICIPAL COURT,
LOS ANGELES**

In this tragedy, which was due to the use of alcohol, seven persons lost their lives.

WE AMERICANS proudly boast that we have more automobiles than any other country in the world, approximately 40,000,000 of them. There is one for every four people, and if all of them were placed bumper to bumper, four abreast, they would stretch one and a third times around the world. We Americans also believe that we are the best drivers in the world. Perhaps we are. But unfortunately the facts do not substantiate our contention.

If I were to tell you that yesterday the entire population of St. Louis, Missouri, every man, woman, and child therein, had either been killed or injured by some disaster—earthquake or atomic bomb—you would think that a national calamity of the first magnitude; and so it would be. It would be on the front page of every newspaper in the world. Yet last year in the United States there were more than 1,000,000 people who were either killed, maimed, or injured by automobiles.

Last year in America there was more than a billion dollars' worth of property damage caused by automobile accidents. Is it any wonder that insurance rates on our cars keep mounting each year?

One person is killed in the United States by automobiles every fifteen minutes, and one person injured every twenty-six seconds. Since World War I there have been more than 1,000,000 Americans killed by automobiles and

more than 35,000,000 have been injured.

We are spending billions of dollars each year for national defense. We do not want our boys and girls to sacrifice their lives in a third world war. *Yet we have killed more than three times as many people by automobiles since World War I as we lost in the whole of World War II. In fact, we have killed more people by automobiles than we have killed in all the wars in which this country has ever been engaged.*

We read each day in our local press about the tragic loss of our soldiers who are valiantly waging the fight of freedom against communist aggression. It makes us sick at heart. Yet last year we killed five times as many of our fellow citizens by automobiles as the enemy has killed in Korea.

If you happen to be a parent and have two children, as most of us do, you can make up your mind to one thing right now—one of those children will probably be either killed or seriously injured by an automobile—that is, if we keep on driving as we have in the past.

The tragedy of traffic deaths is that they are largely preventable. The American boy who sacrifices his life on the field of battle in Korea, fighting for God and country, has not died in vain; but there is no glory in death at the wheel or under the wheels of a speeding automobile.

Cancer, heart disease, and polio all

take their grim total. We have little, if any, control over these grim enemies, but we can control, we *must* control, the scourge of irresponsible driving that has made the automobile a Frankenstein monster.

This is the traffic problem. What is its cause?

There are many causes for the deaths and accidents upon our streets and highways, but the principle causes are these: (1) Driving at imprudent rates of speed; (2) Driving while drinking or under the influence of alcohol; (3) Reckless, irresponsible driving; (4) Discourtesy. At least 60 per cent of all traffic violations could be avoided by practicing a little old-fashioned American courtesy. (5) Mechanical defects.

In my opinion the primary responsibility for any comprehensive program of traffic safety rests upon the judge presiding in the traffic court of any community. The court is the focal point and can and should use its position and influence to unify public opinion and support for better driving. Where, but in a traffic court, is there such an opportunity to reach such a large number of the general public, of every walk of life? But, in order to accomplish any satisfactory results in traffic court the judge must accept this positive basic philosophy: Education over enforcement, conversion over punishment, reformation over revenue, the use of the courtroom as a forum to

change the attitudes of bad-risk drivers, one at a time.

You can have widespread publicity, efficient street engineering and comprehensive highway enforcement, yet all of these fail or are rendered ineffective, from the standpoint of traffic control, public respect and co-operation, if you have an indifferent, inexperienced, or impatient judge who runs his traffic court on a conveyor-belt system for revenue purposes.

On the other hand, experience has demonstrated that a large measure of success in traffic safety can be achieved by a conscientious and competent judge in a community where the other elements of traffic control are inadequate.

The traffic courts of America have too long been judicial orphans, presided over by incompetent or indifferent judges who run their courts for revenue purposes to bolster up the sagging finances of some municipality. In my opinion, no temporary or part-time judge should ever be permitted to sit in a traffic court of any large municipality. Such courts justify and demand a full-time and competent judge.

A casual survey of traffic statistics throughout America will reveal that the police and prosecutors of America are doing a good job, but that the judiciary has a record that is woefully lacking in any appreciation for, or handling of, traffic cases.

In smaller communities public opinion and social pressures will force the judge to do a real job, but in larger cities there is no such public opinion or local pressure to keep a judge in line. As a result most of our larger courts handle traffic violators with less courtesy, equity, and common justice than is accorded the most despicable felon. Is it any wonder that many citizens take a dim view of the processes of the law, or of the equity or justice of our courts? The only courts the overwhelming majority of our citizens ever will come in contact with are the traffic courts of America. Their opinions of justice and even of the American way of life are formed in these courts. I know of no more fertile breeding ground for un-Americanisms than in a kangaroo, conveyor-belt, revenue-producing traffic court.

A traffic court judge has a duty to correct, not merely penalize.

In my opinion, the only way to handle aggravated traffic cases is to tell such violators that they cannot buy bad driving, and give each person a few days in jail in lieu of a fine. This system really works, because aggravated traffic violations dropped over 90 per cent in my court during a two-year period.

(Turn to page 33)

FIRST QUARTER



by ELTON A. JONES



THE other day I was talking to the business manager of a small hospital here in California, one situated but a block from a main United States Highway. Because I wanted to know more of the place and its work, I asked, "Do you have considerable emergency work, either industrial or general?"

"Oh, yes, we do lots of it," he answered. "We get calls almost every day on traffic cases—smashups and wrecks of every kind."

My curiosity aroused, I couldn't refrain from asking, "In how many of these traffic accidents was liquor a contributing factor?"

"Almost every one of them," was the quick reply.

In spite of the accumulated evidence on the liquor factor frequency in traffic accidents, it is only occasionally that the accident report either in newspaper or radio makes any reference to liquor. Sometimes a paper will mention it; the radio almost never.

Why this secrecy? Is not the public entitled to know the causes of accidents? How else can accidents be prevented? But, if the public should, get the idea that liquor had anything to do with traffic accidents, some might buy less and so drink less. And there is liquor for sale; profits result from the selling, so everything must be done, even at the expense of public safety, to keep the demand strong and the sales as high as possible.

The moderate drinker can easily persuade himself that he is the smartest, the safest, and by all odds the fastest driver ever. That false feeling is a part

of alcohol's mockery. Not only the drinker but the public (which, by the way, is the great majority) is mocked, too. Could it be that the real causes of the sickening accident toll are covered by the influence of the combines with the concentrated-solution-of-red-eyed-woe for sale?

We frequently hear of "safety" drives. Cars are checked from tail lamp to gudgeon pin. So far so good. Even with these safety checks, some terrible-appearing conveyances manage to get on the highways. But why not have a check on the drivers? Practically no automobile will get into trouble without a driver. Since it is so evident that liquor and traffic tragedies go hand in hand, it would seem reasonable to demand that something be done with the driver so that he *cannot* drive until he is sober. That would help tremendously.

MILDRED BURKE

(Continued from page 16)

clear, sound thinker. When I told her I was going to drop interior decorating for wrestling she advised, 'If you do that, put your heart into it.' I guess I did. I've been champion for thirteen years, since I earned this title in a Columbus, Ohio, tournament sponsored by the Mid-West Wrestling Association. There were fifteen girls who entered. In the finals I defeated Edna Bancroft to win a belt that weighs fifteen pounds and is 24-carat gold, containing a seven-carat diamond, four sapphires, and six amethysts. I always wear it before a match." (Interview by Bob Roach.)

Page 25

Why I Stopped Drinking

Beatrice Wharfe.

I STARTED to drink in 1934 at the age of sixteen, becoming quite drunk on my initial encounter with alcohol. By 1939 I was a consistent social imbibor. By that I mean every opportunity to indulge was sought out and exploited. Though no one can ever find a legitimate reason to justify drinking, an adequate excuse is readily available. All during World War II my own personal and losing "Battle of the Bottle" was waged with John Barleycorn.

I took my last drink on March 21, 1947—and that vernal equinox was indeed a day of rebirth for me. Prostrate in bed, after a particularly painful and prolonged binge, I was finally ready to acknowledge defeat. A chemical which should be man's servant had become my master.

An honest appraisal of my situation



brought me to the realization that I no longer had a choice to make—only a decision! Fifteen years of drinking had proved conclusively to my mind that I couldn't "take it or leave it alone." The solution was to decide immediately in favor of a drunkard's life (with all that it implies), or a life of sobriety. Call it what you will,—an intuitive insight into myself, a personality reformation or transformation, a spiritual awakening or experience,—but by the grace of a Higher Power since that day I have not had a drink. Of course, it has not always been easy. I have spent the last four years trying to overcome those defects of character which "drove me to drink;" to modify a naturally proud and bitter soul so that I may eventually become humble and gentle. I cherish my sobriety—it has become my "pearl of great price"!

ACUTE ALCOHOLIC SYNDROMES

(Continued from page 8)

one activity after another of the nervous system. Alcohol acts through the nervous system and the increasing stupor, and paralysis is part of the syndrome.

Many people do not like to take anesthetics, not only because of placing themselves at the mercy of the surgeon but for fear of what they might say. You may have heard them say, "Well, I might say something," or, "Do you think I'll talk, doctor?" *The person who uses alcohol is not free from this effect. He is quite likely to talk and quite likely to give away information which he might be reticent about. Or he may enter into agreements that ordinarily his judgment would tell him are unfavorable for him.* The tendency to talk in anesthesia is a little more often seen if the person is recovering. He might go through a period of short exhilaration which may last a few minutes, and in occasional cases a person

may talk for an hour or two and be very much ashamed of what he said.

In the alcoholic depression the period of excitement and talking is often noticed at the beginning of the intoxication, and it may last for a considerable length of time. The person who has become very brilliant and interesting but suddenly goes to sleep in the middle of his very interesting discourse, is paralyzed. He may fall off the chair or indicate his paralysis in some absurd way. That may be amusing if he is among friends or people who would never take advantage of him. Perhaps they will forgive what is not a pretty spectacle.

Lasting Effects

Suppose a person is now unconscious and paralyzed by alcohol. *One of the peculiarities of alcohol is the prolonged anesthetic effect it has.* We have anesthetics that last for only a very few moments, just long enough to lance a small abscess or boil, or to get a foreign body out of the sensitive part of the ear or nose or throat. We have anes-

thetics that act long enough to enable the person to have a two-hour operation performed—something very delicate that cannot be done quickly. The only thing is that we do like the patient to wake up when the operation is over, and we have as a rule a number of anxious people, including the doctor himself, who would like to see, as soon as possible, how well the man survived.

With alcohol one of the disadvantages that make it impossible to use it widely and successfully is that its anesthetic effects simply last too long. Once a person has become stuporous, paralyzed, and insensitive to pain, there is no telling how long he will remain in that condition, and it is not very easy to wake him up quickly.

Sometimes his stupor is very superficial. For example I see a man picked up on the street by the officer who has found him lying on the sidewalk. He is rather a heavy man, weighing perhaps two hundred pounds. Does the officer pick the man up with great effort and energy to lift him into a car? No, he presses rather firmly on

one of the painful but perfectly safe parts of the body, just behind the jaw. If his stupor is only superficial, the man begins to rouse up, and he walks to the car. In other cases it requires the officer's effort to pick him up.

There are other irregularities of alcoholic anesthesia besides that of missing the vital centers. *We have several peculiarities entering in because of the prolonged effect of alcohol that make this question much more interesting as well as more dangerous.* I want to call attention to some of these.

Stupor Without Paralysis

Stupor and paralysis may not synchronize with each other. *There may not be the same degree of stupor and paralysis. Thus the person who is out on his feet is in a stupor, but he is still able to stand up and still able to go. A person in this condition is in even greater danger because he does not take any real cognizance of his surroundings. He does not estimate stairways, and he does not notice traffic. He is even likely to mistake a window and think it is a door, so all possibilities of injury enter in.*

Then there is the other interesting situation when the person is quite awake but not able to move with any co-ordination. He falls down, but his determination to keep going does not flag. He has a vague idea of what he wants to do and where he wants to go, and he keeps trying to get up and struggle on; but his limbs simply will not support him.

We are familiar with the fact that a drinking person may have trouble with his speech. He will *slur* the speech a bit and then *slide over* some of the syllables; then the next thing his *syllables get mixed* and come in the wrong order. The person is guilty of spoonerisms to a most extraordinary degree, getting everything mixed up and backward, and in a little while he cannot find the right word at all and has to make approximate substitutions. He may be conscious and still practically unable to express himself.

It is a good thing perhaps, that the speech becomes so incoherent. Certainly he cannot then be held for anything he says. The person may be apparently conscious; he may do and say quite a lot, and the whole story of the experience may be completely erased from his memory. That may be humorous, too, at times, or it may be embarrassing for him to have someone call him on the telephone to confirm an engagement or contract that he made rather expansively in the state of his alcoholic stupor.

(To be continued)

FIRST QUARTER

BEATRICE
WRATH

TRIAL BY

FIRE *water*

CERTAIN American Indian tribes once practiced involved ceremonial and sometimes cruel crisis rites at birth, at puberty, at marriage, and at death. Then the white man came and introduced firearms and fire-water to the "noble savage," and virtually exterminated him.

Even more so today, the bottle is our ritualistic cultural prop, only we do not restrict its use to critical occasions. Any time is the time to imbibe. Start the day with an "eye opener," or "a hair of the dog" for your hangover; gulp that midmorning "quickie," drink with your meals; sip your coffee with choice liquors; brew yourself a nightcap. Join the "liquor of the month" club; celebrate each "alcohol holiday" with the appropriate beverage; be jolly this Christmas with "alcoholly;" wine and dine your Valentine; and so on, *ad nauseam*.

A christening is the most popular excuse for a party. Adult relatives, friends and acquaintances of the baby's parents, render dubious honor to the newborn by their alcoholic regression to his infantile level. Junior is lullabied to the tune of the Beer Barrel Polka and cuts his teeth on a champagne cork. One of the first things he learns in college is the Stein Song or its local equivalent. He fortifies himself in a difficult situation with "Dutch courage." He comes to rely on our widely advertised social lubricant, alcohol, to oil the wheels of personal relationships. Campus activities—football games, proms, and winter sports—require "spiked" punch or hard liquor to supply the zest which youthful enthusiasm should contribute spontaneously. Who could possibly expect summer recreations such as picnics, tennis, sailing, and golf to be successful without the presence of the ubiquitous beer keg?

Our Bacchus-sponsored infant has now reached man's estate and is ready

to seek a mate, at debutantes' "passing-out" parties, in bars, nightclubs, and roadhouses. The best he can hope for is a social butterfly, but what he is more likely to get is a barfly. Stag party announcements for the prospective groom read, "Bring your own liquor," while those for the showers for the bride-to-be mention, "Cocktails will be served." And then comes the wedding!—a marital partnership launched on a sea of champagne! Is this an exaggerated portrayal of the emphasis on alcohol in our society? I think not.

According to ad-inspired, movie-distilled, glamorizing propaganda, alcohol puts the drinker at ease, lessens tension, and increases self-importance. According to the Research Council on Problems of Alcohol, it enters the blood stream at a rapid rate through the stomach and intestines, and is carried by the circulation to all parts of the body. Alcohol acts upon the brain and central nervous system, slowing down reaction time, reflexes, and perception. It acts first upon the centers controlling judgment and inhibition; then upon speech, muscular co-ordination, and vision.

Alcohol does provide relief, quickly but temporarily, from many painful physical and psychological conditions, by dulling perception of pain, cold, and discomfort. It does relieve anxiety and tension through its anesthetic action on the higher centers of the nervous system. It does provide some calories, but it delivers no vitamins, minerals, or proteins; and it may impede their absorption. Alcohol is inadequate as a food, and when taken in amounts disproportionate to other elements in the diet, over long periods of time, it leads to diseases of dietary deficiency. Alcohol does not increase efficiency or ability to perform mental or physical tasks of any sort. It does not act as a stimulant,

(Turn to page 34)

Page 27



WE DARE NOT

REMAIN SILENT

Twenty-two-year-old Jameson Jones is president of the National Conference of Methodist Youth and director of the fifth quadrennial National Convocation of Methodist Youth. He holds a Bachelor of Arts degree from Vanderbilt University, and for two years was the managing editor of "Power"—a book of daily devotions for youth used by more than 100,000 young people of forty denominations, and "Concern"—a biweekly newspaper for Methodist youth. In 1948 he won first prize in the World Council of Churches' youth essay contest.

by JAMESON JONES

ALCOHOL stands in the way of creative living.

If today's youth are to be true to the ideals which adults of high principle have given us, we are obligated to face the problem that beverage alcohol presents. More and more are youth recognizing the acuteness of the alcohol situation, as they see the increasing waste, destruction, and moral degradation caused by liquor consumption.

No method can be used to measure what beverage alcohol costs in terms of broken bodies, broken homes, broken lives. If it is not to break our civilization, some persons, particularly young persons, must demonstrate by their lives the better way to live. They must answer the call to creative living.

We live in the midst of a struggle for human liberty and a striving of all people to achieve security. We must not stand idly by while liquor sales grow and distillers' advertisements boost that which thinking people should know as one of the greatest enslavers of men and one of the most effective destroyers of security.

I do not drink. I never shall. And I urge those who believe in clean living to join in that pledge and give their support to all that enriches life. We dare not remain silent. We have a message that demands high standards of morality. Let us give that message wherever we are and whenever we can.



Dr. Mary M. Sloop is congratulated by Mrs. Robert Vogeler at the ceremonies honoring her as "American Mother of 1951."

An Interview with the American

Mother of 1951

DR. MARY MARTIN SLOOP of Avery County, North Carolina, who has educated over 3,000 mountain children and has been a guide, a doctor, and a mother to them all, was chosen from the mothers selected by the forty-eight states, the District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico, as the national mother of the year. John Maloney, in an article in *The Saturday Evening Post* called her "one of the ten greatest women in American educational history."

Dr. Sloop, in many communities liquor drinking is one of the chief causes of family trouble, crime, accidents, et cetera. Has this been your experience in North Carolina?

Liquor drinking has long been considered the chief cause of family trouble, and of crime; and now that we have automobiles, it leads as the cause of accidents, not only in North Carolina, but everywhere else.

Could you give some illustrations?

The newspapers do that for us. On our campus we do not keep boarding students who drink. If we can't make them stop promptly, we send them home, because they are a menace to other students.

FIRST QUARTER

Do you feel that mothers can do anything to help prevent drinking?

They can set the example of never touching it themselves, and of associating as little as possible with people who do drink. They can forbid any liquor to be brought into the home and can watch the friends that they and their children make, and choose nondrinking people.

What is your attitude toward social drinking?

I do not believe that any host or hostess has any right to offer liquor to other persons. If they think that they have proved that they are strong enough to drink in moderation, they must know that there are likely to be others less strong who may become a wreck as an addict.

Do you consider the monetary returns in taxes sufficient to justify the use of liquor?

Certainly not. The degeneration resulting from whisky drinking by weaker members of society, if you call them that, probably costs the country as much money as the liquor taxes bring in, or more—to say nothing of the unhappiness in the homes of the weak.

Have you found any satisfactory cure for alcoholism?

Nothing except Christianity, and I

have seen that cure some of the worst cases permanently.

What do you do for alcoholics in your community?

In our community we go upon the theory that prevention is safer than attempts at cure. We believe thoroughly in Christianity as a cure and use it whenever we can, but we think and teach that it is the duty of all citizens to remove the temptation for drinking from everybody. We have always felt and practiced that those who made and sold liquor should be punished and, if necessary, imprisoned. When there is a vote, we try to put into office sober citizens only and to influence neighboring counties as much as possible to do the same. Our county is a dry county, and one by one those surrounding us are voting dry. It takes time and perseverance; never let up on vigilance. We believe and teach that dry communities are in the long run more prosperous, and certainly more happy. We believe that any city or county with licensed liquor loses more than it appears to gain.

Mary M. Sloop

Biography of Dr. Sloop on page 34.

Page 29

SCIENCE AND ALCOHOL

(Continued from page 14)

the time relations of their operation, chloroform being the quickest to have its effect and the quickest to be recovered from; alcohol taking the longest of the three to have its narcotic effect and requiring the longest time for recovery, and ether taking an intermediate place. When I was in the medical school, ACE (alcohol, chloroform, ether) was the usual mixture used to anesthetize patients for surgical operations. Alcohol, chloroform, and ether were used in combined form for inhalational anesthesia in surgery because they had supplementary effects, there being a specific value in both the quick effect of the chloroform and the longer enduring effect of the alcohol.

No one had studied the intimate, exact quantitative differences between these three anesthetics so much as Schmiedeberg had, and when he made his announcement of the depressant action of alcohol it was too much for many to accept. "Alcohol a depressant?" they asked. "Why, it is always called a stimulant! Do we not have it in our houses to resuscitate us when we are in distress? Has not medicine included it on the list of stimulants?"

There never has, however, been a single scientific contradiction of this observation, and the years since 1883 have been years of reinforcing the basic statements that he made.

Schmiedeberg's original contribution is to my mind the reason why we are in this social controversy now. If we can make good that simple fact that alcohol is a depressant, we have the basic reason for our intelligent stand against its use. People do not want to drop their level of performance, to drop their mentality, or to lower their level of responsibility, or make incompetent their physical abilities. They do not want to be inferior. No one wants to be second-rate even temporarily. If it is explained to the public that what they call stimulation is merely an irresponsible excess of useless activity, whether in words or in physical action, they will understand the importance of this basic scientific fact. Alcohol dulls the mind.

Along with Schmiedeberg there appeared a physician of note. Schmiedeberg was not a physician but a research laboratory student of a new science—the scientific use of medicinal substances for treating human ailments. He was a professor of pharmacology. But there was a man living in Stuttgart at that time by the name of Kraepelin. Emil Kraepelin was a young psychiatrist, and he had charge of a hospital for mental

diseases. He had been observing the kinds of patients that came to him, and he made a further contribution to our knowledge of alcohol's effects, about the year 1883. He said that *all the physical manifestations of the effects of alcohol, all the manifestations of body or mind, could be explained on the basis of the selective toxic effect of alcohol on the central nervous system.*

Thus one scientist said that alcohol is a depressant, narcotic drug. Then a physician came along and said all the manifestations can be explained on the basis of alcohol's selective depressant

Questioning the New Year

I asked the New Year, "What am I to do
The whole year through?"
The answer came:
"Be true."

I asked again, "And what am I to say
To those who pass my way?"
"The kindest words," he said,
"That you can say."

"What thoughts am I to think, day long,
year long?"
And clearly as a quick-struck gong.
The answer,
"Think no wrong."

"And what roads take across the earth's
worn sod
Where many feet have trod?"
Swift came the answer:
"Those that lead to God."

From: "The Light of the Years," by Grace
Noll Crowell. Copyrighted in 1936 by
Harper and Brothers, and used by permission.

effect on the most sensitive of all the tissues and those which distinguish man from the brute, namely, the central nervous system. The CNS (central nervous system) is a term that one hears used a great deal in medicine. The central nervous system includes the brain and the spinal cord.

If you want to get a good description or introduction to the whole way in which that selective toxic effect on the central nervous system works, you will find it in a book by Waddell and Haig, two pharmacologists of the medical schools of the State of Virginia.

They introduced the effects of alcohol with a wonderfully good treatise on the physiology of the reflex arc. What is it that makes our self-protective mechanism click? What is it that in the absence of will power still functions as a protective mechanism to see that we do not get damaged by all kinds of hazards of life? That description is a necessary background for anyone who wishes to teach the scientific facts about alcohol intelligently.

The central nervous system we usually think of as the brain. But long before we began to think, we had an automatic system of protection by which we appreciated stimulations of sensations of the periphery, that is, the surface of the body. For example, if we touched a hot stove or something else hurtful, we did not merely note the hurt and let it continue, but with the instantaneous reflex which comes without thought, without consciousness, and without will, the contact was severed, the risk of injury was avoided.

When you feel pain in your finger tip on accidentally touching the hot stove you react by withdrawing your hand before you are even aware that you have felt pain. Your eye is protected by the winking lid, your body by the sound from which you withdraw suddenly. You have many reflexes,—some of them automatic, some of them conditioned,—but the mechanism of the central nervous system consists of three simple central parts. One part is a neuron that reaches from the periphery of the body to the nerve centers in the spinal cord well below the thinking parts of the brain. When the neuron flashes in a message there is a suitable response in the nerve center, and another message goes to the motor nerves which cause the proper muscles to withdraw the finger, or whatever else may be needed for the protection of the body. Thus we have in the central nervous system not only the conscious thought, but the unconscious automatic protective reflex system.

All psychiatrists recognize the disturbance of this marvelous system in the various manifestations of alcohol. The fact that the alcoholized person cannot fasten buttons, is clumsy with his fingers, does not hear well, sees two lampposts instead of one, that he stumbles a little with his feet in walking, and is unable to respond to the sensations of his eyes, can be explained by the fact that the tissue of the body which is selectively damaged by alcohol is the central nervous system.

The higher qualities of the mind are first rubbed out by alcohol. The delicate capacities of intellectual decision and choice and of discretion and will power are those faculties that are first dulled and then wiped out by alcohol because they are the least capable of withstanding its toxic effects.

Those two observations of 1883 relative to the depressant effects selectively on the brain and spinal cord are basic. If we do not know what they mean we cannot intelligently apply the kind of education that is necessary to the social field in which we live.

(To be continued)



Booze Is Wooing the Muse

by HARRY G. GREEN

"You see, there were the cherries:
Big, red, luscious ones, too.
And the rose bed was handy.
Putting two and two together, it was
The most natural thing in the world
To think of something delightful.
So, well, what would you have done?"

THESE words are not the opening lines of a love story, carrying with them the suggestion that what *you* would have done would be to place your arm around the fair maiden's waist and plant a kiss on her sweet lips. But, as you read further, you would be urged to sip a gloriously flavorful cocktail *like* but not *of* the roses depicted in natural colors above the romantic verbiage.

The love-and-roses-in-bloom effusion is merely the opening thrust of a whisky advertisement and but one illustration of how the liquor industry is trying to glamorize its alcoholic products through the unrestrained use of lilting lyrics done in the fashion of Swinburne, or Elizabeth Browning, or Shelley. The booze is wooing the muse.

There exist various methods of approach in romanticizing and glorifying whisky, as observed in the advertisements. For instance, there is the "historical approach," or "Davy Crockett" angle. Here the inspired copy writer and artist show a hale and hearty wayfarer clad in buckskins and regalia of the Zachary Taylor period. Invariably he carries a flintlock rifle and wears an expectant and eager grin as he lopes his way toward the village inn. The wooden name plate over the rickety door does not bear the name of the innkeeper, but merely reads, "Old Sturdy." Then the ad displays the caption: "The mellow bourbon your great-grandfather enjoyed and *depended upon* in 1857. Old Sturdy has been a fixture in your home or favorite tavern ever since."

The bald statement that that particular brand, or any brand of liquor, has

been a fixture in your home since 1857—or 1933, to avoid argument—together with the strong hint that your home was a cache for contraband liquor during the prohibition years, is simply not to be refuted.

A favorite historical-appeal type of ad is one which shows the exterior of a pre-Civil War manse. In this scene there is always a white-goated colonel, and seated near him on the colonial porch are other gentlemen resembling Errol Flynn in period costume. An obsequious colored servitor, white of mane and bowing like Hirohito's dentist (before MacArthur), is managing to hold a tray containing glasses. On the mahogany table rests—you guessed it—a quart bottle of Old Tippecanoe. The men are perfect specimens of physical manhood, averaging six feet five, and fit to wrestle Mohammed's camel driver with one hand tied. Even the octogenarian colonel himself stands straight as a ramrod, not a single wrinkle marring the countenance that has withstood an approximate eighty-four years of Old Tippecanoe bibbing. "Old Tippecanoe! We licked the Mexicans with it!" Then of course, follows the bewitching slogan: "The true essence of hospitality; mellow, rich, expertly blended, rare Old Tippecanoe."

"The Modern Balm of Gilead," reads the dripping froth issued by one distiller. "Old Omar the Tentmaker Bellowed for Wine! Wine!" squeaks another copy writer. "Wouldn't Omar love to be alive today, because Omar knew what good wine is—and so do we, and so would you, by sipping 'Tentmaker Sherry,' the wine with the heavenly

bouquet and the taste of nectar—the kind Omar bellowed for. Because he *knew*. He *knew*. He said so in his Rubáiyát. Mickmuck's Rubáiyát Port is the port of Omar!"

The liquor advertising gentry deal only in lopsided generalities, garbled statistics, and phony moral arguments. Be you dry or wet, the unequivocal thesis is advanced by hundreds of thousands of dries and wets that there is little to believe in the literary effusions or statistics published by the distillers.

However, hope springs eternal. A half-truth is uttered in one liquor advertisement where the phrase, "Gives a Sparkle to the Eye," serves as the slogan. Decidedly it will not cause the celebrating patron to acquire a pair of gleaming orbs; on the contrary he will, normally, become bleary-eyed in due course, but the sparkle will remain in the tavern owner's eyes if he refrains from overdrinking and confines himself to filling his cash register with the patron's money. The advertisement doesn't tell us who gets the sparkle!

Incongruity in advertising reaches an all-time high in the exploitation of liquor. A full-page ad in colors that shows American marines storming a North Korean pillbox and bears the title, "Bravest of the Brave," will usually wind up with the gentle suggestion that that "Old Kanookers Is Better Than the Best." It is of course absurdly obvious to everyone that American troops are battling the enemy for the sole purpose of securing and maintaining their inalienable right to drink "Better Than the Best"—Old Kanookers to you.

(Turn to page 34)

NEW YEAR'S POEMS

A GALLANT NEWCOMER

Over the threshold a gallant newcomer
Steppeth with tread that is loyal to see;
White as the wintertime, rosy as summer,
Hope in his eyes, and with laugh ringing free.
Lo! in his hands there are gifts overflowing,
Promises, prophecies, come in his train;
O'er him the dawn in its beauty is glowing,
Banishing shadows of sorrow and pain.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

Then welcome, welcome, glad New Year!
Dawn brightly on us all,
And bring us hope, our hearts to cheer,
Whatever may befall;
Bring patience, comfort, gladness, rest;
Bring blessings from above;
Bring happiness—the highest, best—
To us and those we love.

What shall I wish thee?
Treasures of earth?
Songs in the springtime,
Pleasure and mirth?
Flowers on thy pathway,
Skies ever clear?
Would these ensure thee
A happy new year?

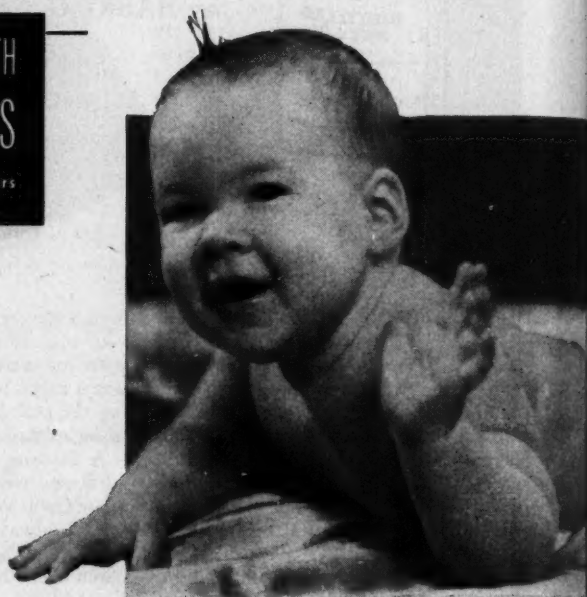
What shall I wish thee?
What can be found
Bringing the sunshine
All the year round?
Where is the treasure,
Lasting and dear,
That shall ensure thee
A happy new year?

Faith that increases,
Walking in light,
Hope that aboundeth,
Happy and bright,
Love that is perfect,
Casting out fear,
These will ensure thee
A happy new year.

LITTLE POEMS WITH BIG MEANINGS

By Anonymous Authors

NEW YEAR'S WISHES



THE THRESHOLD of the YEAR

We are standing on the threshold, we are in the opened door;
We are treading on a borderland we have never trod before;
Another year is opening, and another year is gone;
We have passed the darkness of the night, we are in the early morn;
We have left the fields behind us o'er which we scattered seed;
We pass into the future, which none of us can read.

The corn among the weeds, the stones, the surface mold,
May yield a partial harvest; we hope for sixtyfold,
Then hasten to fresh labor, to thresh and reap and sow;
Then bid the new year welcome, and let the old year go;
Then gather all your vigor, press forward in the fight,
And let this be your motto, "For God and for the right."

Page 32

Sunshine and shadow have mingled
In the year that has passed away;
Sunshine and shadow will mingle
In the year that I meet today.
But hand in hand with the Master
I fear not what it will bring.
He knows, He cares, and He loves Me,
And my God is *Everything*.

RULE OF LIFE

I asked the New Year for some message sweet,
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet;
I asked, and paused: he answered soft and low,
"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?" I cried
And ere the question into silence died,
The answer came, "Nay, but remember, too,
God's will to do."

Once more I asked, "Is there no more to tell?"
And once more again the answer sweetly fell,
"Yes! This one thing, all other things above:
God's will to love."

LISTEN. 1952

AS VIEWED FROM THE BENCH

(Continued from page 15)

Average Percentages for Specific Crimes

Divorce	47.1 %	Assault and battery	47.9 %
Automobile injury	32.1 %	Manslaughter	44.3 %
Injuries to others	20.8 %	Murder	40.25 %
Indecent liberties	41.8 %	Armed robbery	30.1 %
Statutory rape	35.8 %	Teen-age drinking	24.5 %
Rape	39.7 %	Dependent children	47.9 %
Larceny	29.3 %	Delinquent children	42.5 %
Forgery	30.0 %	Custody cases	44.4 %
Embezzlement	25.6 %		

On the basis of these judicial estimates, and taking the above percentages of the FBI Uniform Crime Report figures for the year 1949-1950, we find that in addition to the arrests for drunkenness which these Uniform Crime Reports listed as 178,165 for the year 1949-1950, alcohol was involved in approximately:

2,826 of the murders and non-negligent manslaughter cases;
2,360 of the cases of manslaughter by negligence;
6,582 cases of rape;
38,852 cases of assault;
139,553 cases of armed robbery and burglary; and
305,736 cases of larceny in the year (1949-1950).

In addition, on the basis of the average judicial estimate of 257 judges in America, alcohol is a definite factor in approximately 235,000 divorce cases annually and was

involved in an estimated 362,080 automobile injuries and deaths in the year 1949.

In divorce cases involving liquor, 60 of the judges gave percentages in their respective localities, of 75 per cent or higher; and the percentages of 144 of these men of the judiciary were 50 per cent or above. This would indicate that in a large number of the localities of the United States, well in excess of 50 per cent of the broken homes were at least partially wrecked by the bottle.

In order to give some idea of the variety of estimates in the different localities of the percentages of divorces involving liquor, we list herewith the different percentages submitted in judicial estimates.

Percentage of divorce cases in which alcohol was found to be or believed to be a contributing factor:	Number of judges from different localities estimating this percentage:		
55%	2 judges		
51%	1		
50%	46		
45%	1		
40%	20		
35%	6		
33 1/2%	6		
30%	9		
25%	33		
20%	11		
15%	8		
10%	13		
5%	1		
4%	1		
2%	3		
1%	2		
90%	9 judges		
89%	1		
85%	3		
80%	6		
75%	41		
70%	4		
67%	1		
66 1/2%	1		
65%	7		
62%	1		
60%	18		
58%	2		

MORE DEADLY THAN WAR

(Continued from page 25)

The imposition of a fine for aggravated traffic violations—and in this category I include drunk driving—accomplishes nothing. To a poor man it takes the bread out of his children's mouths, and to a wealthy person it simply means a license to buy bad driving.

The psychological effect is tremendous on a whole community of drivers when the word gets around that for certain types of aggravated traffic violations there is no purchase price. "You cannot buy bad driving in this court" is a judicial slogan which, if universally adopted throughout America, could cut aggravated traffic violations to a minimum within a matter of months.

The Drunk Driver

In the case of the drunk driver, who is one of the most serious problems facing the people of America today, the imposition of fines for first, second, or even third offenses has been tried and found wanting. I will make a flat, categorical statement. If judges handling traffic matters in the United States would commence giving short jail sentences to drunk drivers instead of the customary fine, drunk driving could be cut in half, in six months' time. Is it any wonder that the motoring public look upon drunk driving as no great

serious offense, when it can be disposed of by paying a fine? And is it any wonder that drunk driving is on the increase throughout America?

My disposition of the ordinary drunk-driving case would be simple. I would tell the drunk driver that drunk driving could not be purchased in this community by the payment of a fine. I would inform him that his sentence would be 90 days in jail, which I was going to suspend and place him on summary probation, that is to the court, for a period of one year, on the following conditions: (1) That he serve the first five days in jail; (2) That his operator's license be suspended for a period of sixty days; (3) That he drive no automobile while drunk during the probationary period; (4) That he obey all orders of the court.

Circumstances, of course, alter cases, and in some instances the number of days might be greater. I am only suggesting what I would do in a simple, first-offense, drunk-driving case.

For the first drunk-driving offense I would also tell him that the five days in jail were not for the purpose of punishment, but to give him an opportunity to think over his past conduct. If he felt after such contemplation that he could tell me in good conscience that he could drive a car in a legal, prudent, and sober manner, he could come back and see me personally, after his release, before or after court, and I would dis-

cuss with him the return of his operator's license. This system has worked wonders with other aggravated violators, and I see no reason why it would not work with drunk drivers.

What is happening all over America today is the development of larger traffic bureaus, which are simply collection agencies for the payment of traffic fines. Show me a city where repetitive traffic violators can settle their traffic sins by posting and forfeiting bail, and I will show you a city that has a high traffic death and accident rate.

A positive program should be initiated to enforce existing laws pertaining to traffic control, and appropriations should be made by legislative bodies to furnish scientific equipment to law-enforcement agencies to supplement and corroborate the traffic-violation charge.

A few suggestions for such a program (the following suggestions in no way to be taken as all-inclusive, but simply as illustrations) are as follows:

(1) Providing law-enforcement agencies with Intoximeters or Drunkometers. These have been used with great success in many communities. It is a protection to the driver who has alcohol on his breath but is not under the influence, and it provides incontrovertible proof in the case of the driver who is actually under the influence of alcohol.

(2) Motion pictures in drunk-driving cases. A court or jury faced with the visible proof of a drunk-driver's

condition would increase the percentage of convictions.

(3) Comprehensive yearly examinations for persons sixty-five and over.

(4) Uniform traffic citation forms for use throughout the state.

(5) Uniform bail schedules for use throughout the state. By uniform bail schedules I do not mean to deprive the court from imposing a greater or lesser bail in certain cases but where the bail is simply accepted by the clerk, and subsequently forfeited in lieu of the payment of a fine, there appears no valid reason why such bail schedules should not be uniform. Such uniformity would greatly increase public respect for the judicial process.

(6) Provide that all juvenile traffic violators be subject to the processes of the local traffic court. If a juvenile is given the privilege of operating a motor vehicle, he should likewise accept the legal responsibility for operating it.

At every traffic conference we use the timeworn words—education, enforcement, and engineering. It goes without saying that these are fundamental; but above all these we must encourage public opinion, and gain the active participation of every citizen, whether he be driver or pedestrian, in the cause of traffic safety.

I would be remiss if I did not emphasize the important and essential role played by the press, radio, and television. I am conservative when I categorically state that half the success of any traffic safety program depends upon the widespread publication of matters concerning traffic safety, particularly the disposition of traffic cases in court.

Traffic safety is a program in which every person of every walk of life and every calling can unite in a crusade for common decency and safety on our streets and highways. Outside of war, where we all unite against a common enemy, I know of no other cause where labor and management, and every race, creed, and color can get together in harmony and co-operation, to conquer the most critical preventable problem in America today—the traffic problem.

TRIAL BY FIREWATER

(Continued from page 27)

although by reducing consciousness of fatigue, it seems to stimulate. Neither does alcohol act as an aphrodisiac, except to the extent that it lessens inhibitions. Alcohol, contrary to a commonly held false notion, does not cure colds. On the contrary, heavy drinkers, whose resistance is lowered by generally poor health habits, succumb to pneumonia ten times more often than do others.

Whose verdict is an intelligent adult to accept—the fantasies of the adman's language of direction and distortion, or the facts of scientific investigation? the specious and fallacious reasoning of the beer baron's huckster, or the cool, irrefutable logic of the physiologist, the pharmacologist, the biochemist, the economist, the sociologist, and the psychologist?

It is from today's crop of moderate drinkers that tomorrow's alcoholics will stagger.

We should be realistic and mature in our quest for a natural, healthy way of life. Such a way of life excludes alcohol as an escape mechanism from unhappiness, and seeks to attain happiness by acceptable means through play, travel, recreation, music, creative work and art, and other uplifting emotional and social satisfactions. Alcohol does not make you tight, it makes you loose. If you must drink like a fish, drink what fishes drink. Remember that nothing holds liquor as well as a bottle, so leave it there.

BOOZE IS WOOLING THE MUSE

(Continued from page 31)

One final example of many: There is the gem, the happy domestic atmosphere, the "home and fireside" theme, with Grammy sitting by the fireplace, her kindly face gleaming with compassion and benevolence for all mankind, knitting tiny socks for her latest grandchild. Grandpop hovers over her, smiling serenely. One horny hand is resting lightly on Grammy's shoulder while the other has a deathlike grip on a glass of Old Kidney Float. Old Kidney Float was a favorite potion of General Grant, possibly, for a picture of the general hangs on the wall. Grammy is smiling, and that appears strange since a bottle of liquor rests on a table, and about two thirds of the bottle is gone. But then perhaps (the ad doesn't say) Grandpop has his single daily toddy at that particular hour, and he cannot very well be blamed if the ad writer forgot to mention that the bottle of Old Kidney Float was acquired three months before—'twas really a gift from the sewing-machine salesman.

For ways that are dark and tricks that are clever, the distillers are not to be wondered at. There is only one way to keep old customers and to gain new ones, and that is through glamorizing their products.

Though liquor is by no means the only useless product that is glamorized excessively, it remains the only poisonous luxury product "taken in the stomach" to enjoy such a distinction.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DR. MARY MARTIN SLOOP AMERICAN MOTHER OF 1951

MARY MARTIN wanted to be a medical missionary, but illness of her mother prevented her from going to the foreign field. She married Dr. Eustace Sloop, and the young couple spent their honeymoon in the mountains of North Carolina. Mary was deeply affected by the needs of the mountain people in this desolate, isolated area, especially in Avery County. Sensing that she wished to minister to these underprivileged folk, her bridegroom said, "Mary, if you want to settle here, it's all right with me."


While her husband started his practice among the country families, Mary proceeded, in addition to making a home, to acquire a one-room shack and start a school for the mountain children. Appeals for help in her work brought old clothing, which she sold to secure funds. Many of her friends thought that she was burying herself and her remarkable talents, but she continued to mother the people of the mountains—educating their children, caring for their health, and encouraging them to earn a living through agriculture.

From the one-room shack Dr. Mary Sloop built an educational institution now consisting of twenty buildings on 260 acres of land. She has educated over 3,000 mountain children, and has been a guide, doctor, mentor, and mother to them all. Gradually the mountain people, isolated, but of fine stock, good common sense and a strong feeling of justice, have given to Dr. Sloop deep love and loyalty.

At seventy-seven she is still active in carrying on this work. For forty years Dr. Sloop has devoted herself to giving the mountain children a chance in life, with no other motive than her great love for the underprivileged. Her two children have devoted their lives also to their mother's cause.

The influence of Dr. Sloop on the lives of the people in her county permeates every cove and hillside of this inaccessible mountain country. Single-handed, in forty years she has driven out moonshining, persuaded mountaineers to send their children to school, brought good roads, modern farming methods, a 20-bed hospital, a dental clinic, and schools to the county. In short, she has revolutionized the lives of the people.

Dr. Sloop is a graduate of Mitchell College, and holds M.D. and Ph.D. degrees from the Women's College of Medicine, and honorary degrees from Davidson College and Women's College of the University of North Carolina.



WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

DANGEROUS FIFTH COLUMN

"Liquor is America's most dangerous Fifth Column," says Raymond J. Jeffreys, author of "God Is My Landlord" and other temperance best sellers.

"It is inconceivable," says Jeffreys, "that the American people would put up with such a traitorous enemy within our country at a time when we are spending our wealth and even giving our lives to preserve our existence as a nation."

"The liquor business is undermining every effort that we are making to preserve our freedom and democracy in our greatest crisis. Alcohol is narcotizing and distorting the minds of our leaders who participate in International Conferences, the United Nations, and the Federal Government, where the policies are being formed which will affect generations yet to come."

"Liquor is wasting our grain and other food, wasting manpower which is needed in war production, wasting our resources while men are dying on battlefields, and countless thousands are starving all over the world."

"Liquor is weakening our moral fiber, our physical strength, and our financial stability at a time when we need to be at our best."

"Liquor is cursing unborn babies, starving children, debauching young people, turning brilliant minds into imbeciles, making bums out of successful businessmen, ruining professional men, squandering fortunes, creating criminals, and destroying everything worth while in our great land."

"The liquor business is a greedy business, conducted by selfish people for private profit at the expense of everyone else."

"Liquor, legal or illegal, is in the same class as the outlawed drug traffic, prostitution, and murder. It never has contributed one single thing to benefit or bring happiness to human beings. . . . It is America's most treasonable and treacherous fifth column."

NO ALCOHOL FOR SAMMY URZETTA

United States
Amateur Golf Champion

"GOLF is the most demanding of competitive games, a lonesome game where you're all by yourself when the time comes to put forth your greatest effort."

"I have found, and had confirmed by the stars I've played against, that indulgence in alcohol in any form or amount robs you of the strength and co-ordination you need to make the shots, and even more importantly, of the ability to concentrate completely on the task in hand. One mistake will beat

you in competitive golf; you're a thousand times more likely to make that mistake if your mind is fogged by alcohol consumed the night before."

"As holder of the United States Amateur title I find I have many social demands. I have discovered, to my pleasure, that accepting a drink is not necessary. Thinking people realize that by refusing alcohol I am not only protecting my career as a golfer, but avoiding the risk of unhappy consequences."

"Young people, whatever their interests, should realize early that alcohol cannot help them in any way, but can hinder them in many ways. Be true to yourself; guard well the body and the mind God gave you, and keep your faith in Him, no matter how or in what church you express that faith. Then the biggest part of your battle for success is won."

—"Allied Youth," April, 1951.

DON GHERMANN

Who has won the Big Ten outdoor mile four straight years, and the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) mile three consecutive years, and of whom Coach Jesse Hill of Southern California once said, "He has the greatest recuperative powers I've ever seen in any athlete," says:

"I believe that you will find that the champions throughout life become champions in their respective fields because of their strict training program. Alcoholic beverages play no part in a champion's program of life. Athletes cannot attain superiority in their respective fields if they deal in alcohol in any way in their daily life. I am very happy to be associated with champions who believe the same way I do, that alcoholism and champions do not mix."

—"Allied Youth," June, 1951.

ICE HOCKEY COACH "HAP" EMMS

Of Barrie, Ontario, congratulating his team, the Barrie Flyers, after winning the memorial cup, emblematic of the Junior Canadian Championship, said:

"You're the greatest bunch of kids I've ever been associated with. Now I want to ask you to do one more thing for me. Don't do anything that will spoil the great honor you have won. As long as you are members of the Barrie Flyers Hockey Club or residents of Barrie, don't drink liquor."

"I am forty-seven years old," Mr. Emms continued, "and while I may have done things in my life for which I am sorry, I've never taken a drink of liquor—and have got along fine. So wherever you go, stay away from the stuff. It never will help your future hockey careers—and if you never taste it, you'll never miss it."

—"The Advocate," June-July, 1951.

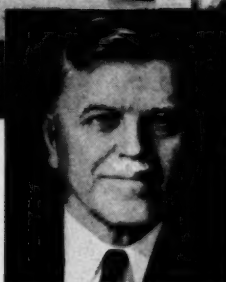
Tap and Tavern reports that the daily gallonage capacity of illegal stills has increased 104 per cent from 1947 to 1950, and it estimates that the daily loss to the Government in unpaid illegal liquor taxes totals \$2,770,000 a day.

Practical Workshops by Leading Scientists
Important Seminars by Prominent Educators
Interesting Field Trips Featuring Institutional and
Penological Aspects of the Problem

**INSTITUTE OF SCIENTIFIC STUDIES FOR
THE PREVENTION OF ALCOHOLISM**

TO BE CONDUCTED AT LOMA LINDA, CALIFORNIA

AUGUST 4-15, 1952



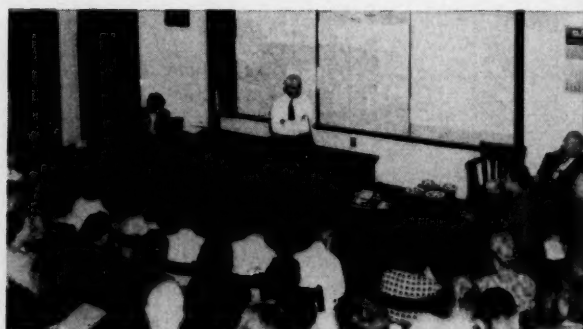
Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, chairman of the National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism.

FELLOWSHIPS

A limited number of fellowships covering major expenses granted to graduate students, teachers, and social welfare workers.

SCHOLARSHIPS

A number of tuition scholarships have been made available for worthy students.



Judge Joseph T. Zottoli of Boston addresses the Institute in the pathology amphitheater of the College of Medical Evangelists.

OUTSTANDING LECTURES

By Specialists in Their Field

ANDREW C. IVY, Ph.D., M.D., D.Sc.
Vice-president, University of Illinois

HAVEN EMERSON, M.D.
Professor Emeritus of Public Health, Columbia University

GEORGE T. HARDING, M.D., D.N.B., F.A.C.P.
Director of Worthington Sanitarium

JOHN C. ALMACK, Ph.D.
Professor of Education, Stanford University

WILTON L. HALVERSON, M.D., D.N.B., D.P.H.
Director of Public Health, State of California

HONORABLE JOSEPH T. ZOTTOLI
Associate Justice of the Municipal Court of Boston

HONORABLE MATTHEW W. HILL
Justice of the Supreme Court, State of Washington

NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR THE PREVENTION OF ALCOHOLISM

Suite 201-2, Northwestern Building, 107 Carroll Street, N.W., Washington 12, D.C.

